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38.

310.





A
BROTHER'S GIFT
TO A SISTER.

EDITED BY
ROBERT DALY WALKER.

"How fair is thy love, my Sister."

Cant. iv. 10.

"For thee, my own sweet Sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine:
We were and are—I am even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last."



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1838.

310.



TO
THE MEMORY OF SISTERS,
BELOVED IN LIFE AND LAMENTED IN DEATH,
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,
WITH AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE,
AND SORROW
THAT SORROWS NOT WITHOUT HOPE,
BY ONE WHO, HIMSELF,
IS NO LONGER PERMITTED TO OFFER,
IN THIS
WORLD OF TEARS AND TRIALS,
A BROTHER'S GIFT TO A SISTER.



INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the recollections of our earlier years, as we advance in life, none, next to those of a fond mother, are more endearing than those of a sister, who has been the fairy-like and sportive playmate of our childhood; the warmest to welcome,—the most tearful to bid us adieu, as the sports of the child were laid aside for the tasks and exile of the school, with its joyous holidays, and long, long months of separation; and the kind, the tender, and sympathetic companion of our walks, when the thoughtless and laughing boy had become the sensitive and high-minded young man. To sever from such a gentle associate, when first summoned to encounter alone the perils and storms of an ungentle world,—or

after some too transient respite from the toils of life,—when, for awhile, we sit once more at the fireside of home, may well send a pang to the manly heart,—and even try to the uttermost the fortitude of the Christian wanderer.

On such occasions, it is a delightful custom to exchange some tokens of love,—tokens how delightful, when distance or when death has far removed the giver! And in the humble hope that this little volume may, for a season, lend its aid at times so sad and dear, the Editor sends it forth to run its brief course, and be no more remembered. Although many similar trifles have recently issued from the press, he trusts that the contents will not be deemed altogether commonplace by the reader. Several of the pieces are either entirely original, or have been hitherto very little known, among which he must include those signed J. A. W. supplied by the pen of an elder brother—Lieut. John Allen Walker, late of the 65th Regiment.* At all events he has done

* Author of "Visions of Solitude," a Poem, "Sketches, Scenes, and Narratives," &c.

his best, in making the selection, to edify and to please; and thus labouring, earnestly prays that his labour may not be wholly in vain, through the blessing of that Lord who alone can give the increase, though a Paul should plant and an Apollos should water the dry and thirsty soil of the human heart.

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A BROTHER'S GIFT
TO
A SISTER.

Bliss in possession will not last ;
Remembered joys are never past ;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were—they are—they yet shall be.

J. MONTGOMERY.



A BROTHER'S GIFT.

TO A BELOVED SISTER ON HER
BIRTH-DAY.

J. A. W.

MY Sister ! dark thy path has been,
Through many a chill and midnight scene ;
And many a gloomy day of pain
Hath bade thy gentle soul complain :
But not as those that hopeless weep,
Dost thou thy course of sadness keep ;
For many a joy thy heart hath shared,
—By worldly joys how oft impaired !

Amid life's barren wastes and ways,
Too fleet have flitted thy young days ;
But Heavenly Wisdom's tender hand
Hath led thee, by thy Lord's command,
Through each rough walk, and upward path ;
Through nights of terror,—hours of wrath ;—
And Heavenly Wisdom's voice hath cheered
Thy soul,—when all around was seared.

Taught by the warnings of thy God,
That, though a toilsome road thou'st trod,

Bright is the scene before thee spread,
Where none lament, or evil dread :
Fair is that city, firmly built,
Where death is not, nor trace of guilt ;
—And through the gathering mists of time,
'Tis thine to see it tower sublime.

On ! on ! rejoicingly, along
The path of life, with grateful song !
With hymns, and harmonies of heart,
To Him who formed thee as thou art !
Who, in thy frail and mortal shrine,
Hath caused his beams of love to shine ;
And in the darkest hour of pain,
Thy fainting spirit will sustain.

Whether prolonged or short thy race,
To meet thy Saviour face to face
Be thy best hope,—and bend the knee
To Him who bled,—who died for thee.
To Him, in hours of woe and weal,
Thy wants, thy wishes, all reveal ;
Nor shrink, whatever may betide,
While thy Redeemer is thy guide.

When monarchs' thrones in ruins lie,
And all is low that once was high ;
When mightiest empires pass away,
—The world, sun, moon, and stars decay ;
The humble saint, who once, in tears,
In anguish, feebleness, and fears,
Dwelt 'mid the dust of earth, shall soar,
With Christ to reign for evermore.

en perish each repining thought !
 ay each sigh with sadness fraught !
 id welcome peril, pain, and strife,
 at gird us for *eternal life* !
 ernal life ! in vain, in vain
 unk, honour, wealth, may seek to gain
 y blissful regions, where unfold
 lestial Zion's gates of gold.

Nov. 14, 1831.

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

MRS. HEMANS.

the soft green light in the woody glade,
 the banks of moss where thy childhood played,
 the household tree through which thine eye
 it looked in love to the summer sky,
 the dewy gleam, by the very breath
 the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
 on thy heart there is laid a spell,
 y and precious—O ! guard it well !

the sleepy ripple of the stream,
 ich hath lulled thee into many a dream ;
 the shiver of the icy leaves
 the wind at morn at thy casement-eaves ;
 the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
 the music of the Sabbath-chimes,

By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto household mirth ;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told ;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind " Good-night !"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift !—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain battles of his land ;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze ;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes ! when the heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away ;
When the sullyng breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's
home ;

Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the trees at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more !

DR. BUCHANAN'S LETTER TO HIS SISTER
ON HER DEATH-BED.

MY DEAR ANNE.—I rejoice to hear that you are about to enter into the joy of your Lord ; that you are now about to see what eye hath not seen, and to hear what ear hath not heard : that you are now about to behold that Jesus whom you love, face to face, to be clothed by him in a spotless robe, and presented to the Father as an heir of everlasting glory, an heir of God, and co-heir of Christ. Whence is this to thy handmaid, O heavenly Father, that she should be thus highly favoured ? she who, not long since, was a stranger to a Saviour's love. Is it thy good pleasure that, after so short a trial, she should enter upon her inheritance, and be made an early partaker of endless joy ? Even so, O Father, because Jesus hath redeemed her, washed and sanctified her, and made her meet for his everlasting kingdom. My dear sister, I cannot dissemble my joy, that you are now about to realize a Saviour's love, to sit down at the marriage-feast, with a company which no man can number, to drink the wine new in your Father's kingdom, to begin the never ending song of "Worthy the Lamb," and to drink of the pleasures at God's right hand for evermore. Were my Father's work finished which he hath given me to do, how gladly would I accompany you, a co-partner of

the joy to be revealed. O, is not your soul big with gratitude to the Lamb that was slain, to your Saviour and mine, whose distinguishing love sought us out, taught us to pray to him, and gave us a taste of his love. Mine is but a taste, but yours, my sister, will quickly be the full enjoyment. But since I cannot accompany you all the way, let me accompany you to Jordan's flood, let me encourage you to pass over with a resolute step and undismayed. Let me remind you of the promises of Him to whom the death of saints is precious. Let me enforce the immutable love of your God; let me proclaim to you the truth of your Redeemer. You have already known him as the way. On your death-bed you will find him the truth, and he will quickly welcome you at Zion's gates as the eternal life.

My dear sister, be of good cheer, you cannot sink, Christ is in the vessel, I and the saints around are praying that your faith fail not. Exert yourself, lay hold of Jesus as the sure anchor of your soul, look to him without doubting; when flesh and heart fail, he is that rock on which your soul may rest. Was it ever heard that a poor soul which fled to him for refuge, was deserted in a dying hour? Was it ever known that Jesus suffered a child of his to be plucked out of his hand? Has he not said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—"I am with you always."—"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee."—"Fear not, for thou art mine."

These are great and precious promises, on which our soul may safely rest. I charge you, by your saviour's love, not for a moment to harbour a doubt of your interest in Christ. I know that saints, in general, have a dark hour on their death-bed. Their spiritual enemy is grieved to let them enjoy such a glorious triumph; he is particularly fearful that they should exult in their Redeemer in their last moments, and thereby confirm the faith of survivors; and therefore he seeks an opportunity of throwing at them the dart of unbelief. When the Saviour suffers this, it is only to enhance the approaching joy. If you at any time feel a pang of this kind, instantly suspect that it is of the wicked one, and repel it by leaning on the Beloved. And again, if your faith is weak, waver not; the promise is to the weak as well as to the strong, yea, to all them who can just say, "Thou knowest, Lord, that I love thee." Nay, if you are even apt to say, "I do not feel as if I could trust God at all," yet is his word true. You perhaps may not believe, yet he abideth faithful—he cannot deny himself. So, my dear sister, your crown is sure.

Again, if you are ready to say, "I fear I am not a child of God, my experience has been very little, very short, very confused, very different from others," and so on; my dear Anne, let not these whispers of Satan's disturb you for a moment, there is not a saint on earth but may doubt of his state, if he compares it with that of any

other. This one thing would I know, Have you had a desire of knowing more about Christ this past year and more? I know you have. And who gave you that desire? Verily it was not flesh and blood, but your Father which is in heaven. Assume, therefore, my fellow-saint, the privilege of a King's daughter. While you have life, magnify the praises of Him who hath called you with such a holy calling. Evince to the world that the Bible is not a cunningly-devised fable; seek to glorify God in your death, and he will assuredly give you faith to do it.

My dear sister, as I am ignorant of the particulars of your illness, and the probability of your recovery, I cannot speak to you with such propriety as I could wish; but I am enabled to commit you into the Lord's hands, hoping that, if you recover, you may come out of the fire as gold well refined; and, if you die, knowing that a crown of glory awaits you. Speak from your death-bed of the things of the kingdom to which you are fast hastening. Leave behind you your views of the vanities of life, for the benefit of those who survive. Pray that a portion, a double portion of your spirit may rest upon your brother, that he may gladden your eyes at the last day with a view of many souls which he hath brought with him to glory; leave him such exhortations, encouragements, and reproofs, as an immediate view of heaven may inspire you to give.

And now, my dearest sister, let me conduct you

as far as I can towards the gates of the New Jerusalem. Do not you see a throng of angels around you, waiting to conduct you? Many a song will then be sung, and many a harp will be strung on your entrance into the kingdom! Who is this foremost to welcome you? Is it not like your grandfather or your father? What joy is this? They, accompanied by a heavenly host, conduct you to your beloved Saviour, to your King and your God. Then, then your glory begins; you are crowned with glory and immortality; you join in the never-ending song of "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," and you will sit down at God's right hand, to drink of pleasures for evermore. Amen, and Amen.

TO A DEPARTING SPIRIT.

ANON.

ASCEND to heaven, immortal spirit,
A seraph's wing thy flight sustains;
Eternal bliss thou shalt inherit,
For, lo! thy loved Redeemer reigns.

O, Death, where now is all thy terror?
Where is thy victory, O Grave?
He who believes, shall live for ever;
The Lord of life alone can save.

Go, Christian soul ! though long neglected
Within thy tenement of clay,
Behold the Lamb ! be not dejected,
His blood shall wash thy sins away.

VICTORY IN DEATH.

● KELLY.

AWAY ! thou dying saint, away !
Fly to the mansions of the blest ;
Thy God no more requires thy stay,
He calls thee to eternal rest.

Thy toils at length have reached a close ;
No more remains for thee to do ;
Away, away to thy repose ;
Beyond the reach of evil go.

Away to yonder realms of light,
Where multitudes, redeemed with blood,
Enjoy the beatific sight,
And dwell for ever with their God.

Go, mix with them, and share their joys ;
In heaven behold the sinner's friend ;
In pleasure share that never cloy,
In pleasure that will never end.

And may our happier portion be
To join thee in the realms above ;
The glory of our Lord to see,
And sing His everlasting love !

THE SISTER'S VOICE.

BROWNE.

OH, my sister's voice is gone away !
Around our social hearth
We have lost its tones, that were so gay,
So full of harmless mirth.—
We miss the glancing of her eye,
The waving of her hair,
The footsteps lightly gliding by,
The hand so small and fair;
And the wild bright smile that lit her face,
And made our hearts rejoice—
Sadly we mourn each vanished grace,
But most of all her voice.

For, Oh ! it was so soft and sweet
When breathed forth in words ;
Such tones it had as hearts repeat
In echoes on their chords ;
And lovely when in measure soft
She sung a mournful song,
And heavenly when it swelled aloft
In triumph chorus strong ;
And dearest when its words of love
Would soothe our bosoms' care,
And loveliest when it rose above
In sounds of praise and prayer.

O, in my childhood I have sate,
When that sweet voice hath breathed,

Forgetful of each merry mate—
Of the wild flowers I had wreathed ;
And though each other voice I scorned
That called me from my play,
If my sweet sister only warned,
I never could delay.

'Twas she who sang me many a rhyme,
And told me many a tale,
And many a legend of old time
That made my spirit quail.

There are a thousand pleasant sounds
Around our cottage still—
The torrent that before it bounds,
The breeze upon the hill,
The murmuring of the wood-dove's sigh,
The swallow in the eaves,
And the wind that sweeps a melody
In passing from the leaves,
And the pattering of the early rain
The opening flowers to wet—
But they want my sister's voice again
To make them sweeter yet.

We stood around her dying-bed ;
We saw her blue eyes close ;
While from her heart the pulses fled,
And from her cheek the rose.
And still her lips in fondness moved,
And still she strove to speak
To the mournful beings that she loved,
And yet she was too weak ;

But at last from her eye came one bright ray
That bound us like a spell;
And as her spirit passed away,
We heard her sigh, "Farewell!"

And oft since then that voice hath come
Across my heart again;
And it seems to speak as from the tomb,
And bids me not complain;
And I never hear a low soft flute,
Or the sounds of a rippling stream,
Or the rich deep music of a lute,
But it renews my dream,
And brings the hidden treasures forth
That lie in memory's store;
And again to thoughts of that voice gives birth,
That voice I shall hear no more.

No more!—it is not so—my hope
Shall still be strong in Heaven—
Will search around the spacious scope
For peace and comfort given.
We know there is a world above,
Where all the blessed meet,
There we shall gaze on those we love,
Around the Saviour's feet:
And I shall hear my sister's voice
In holier, purer tone—
With all those spotless souls rejoice
Before the Eternal Throne.

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

The spring shall give us violets back
And every flower but thee.

Mrs. Hemans.

WEEP not for her, though on her brow
Decline has writ its doom;
Though soon that cheek, so smooth ere now,
Shall moulder in the tomb.
Weep not—although their rosy hue
Those faded lips must ne'er renew;
Although those eyes, O still so bright,
Must set ere long in lasting night.
Weep not—strong as in Him my trust,
Who for mankind was slain,
My hope reviving from the dust
To see that form again.—
Spirit of softness, hie away
To thy own realms of bliss;
And be it mine, at the last day,
In other worlds to recognize
The soft expression of those eyes
Which most I loved in this.

ADVICE TO A SISTER.

(MEMOIRS OF THE REV. LEGH RICHMOND.)

FORGIVE me, my beloved sister, if I express
myself with more plainness than nearest ties of

and, and still closer bonds of love and tender friendship, usually warrant. I feel a lively interest in all which concerns you; and should be more than commonly happy, if a brother's prayer and a brother's admonition should prove in any way conducive to the welfare and advancement of a much-loved sister. I am desirous of seeing and knowing that you will shine in the united characters of wife, mother, mistress, friend, and Christian. I feel truly and unequivocally anxious that you should not, even in appearance, sink into the mere accomplished and elegant woman. I wish you to set a right estimate upon that far more accomplished, and infinitely more useful character, which exists chiefly within the walls of your own house. Every thing depends on your first outset. By the model which you frame for your conduct, *this very year*, will probably be regulated all your subsequent character and conduct in every future situation of life. You well know the affection, and I trust will not despise the judgment and sentiments, of him who speaks thus candidly and frankly to you. I am well persuaded that a young woman, to be truly respectable, must dare to be laudably singular. There always will be a certain description of persons in every place, who will wonder that you can exist without passing your time as they do; but among those whose esteem and opinion alone ought to regulate your own feelings and conduct, the more retired and seldom-to-be-seen wife,

whose theatre of real action and real pleasure is within her own house, in the fulfilment of sober, useful, and exemplary duties, will ever be most beloved, most respected, and most befriended. By way of immediate occupation of your time and thoughts, allow me to direct them to the relief and benefit of the poor; not by idle gratuities, but by diligently seeking them out, informing yourself of their wants and distresses, and economizing in superfluities, in order that thereby the poor may abound in needfuls, and you may abound in their blessings. Be systematically charitable, both to their souls and bodies. Promote plans for instruction; assist in superintending them; employ yourselves in making clothes for them; and rest not till you have made it a settled and uniform part of your character, to be actively, constantly, and watchfully charitable. Let me recommend, with the united earnestness of a brother and a clergyman, that you will read religious books, and sometimes allow me to be your adviser. Be scrupulously attentive to the observance of the Sabbath both in public and private, both at church and at home; and in all your pleasures, all your pains, all your employments, prospects, plans, and engagements, remember that the use of this life is to prepare for a better; and that "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leads to eternal life, and few there be that find it."—Read your Bible, with prayer, daily, under the impression of this awful truth: and may God

remember you, my dearest sister, among those whom he especially loveth; and His grace render you, what I wish you may always prove to be, a valued wife, a tender mother, an estimable friend, and a devoted Christian.

TO A SISTER.

EVERETT.

YES, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around thy homage pay;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
For many years I may not see;
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me?

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,—
O, think not, think not of me there.
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still, and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but, loveliest, ne'er,
When, in his orbit fair and high,

The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the blushing sky;
But when the waning moonbeam sleeps
At moonlight on that lonely lea,
And Nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower;
But when the falling leaf is sear,
And withers sadly from the tree;
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,
The hour, when on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling, to the margin break;
But when the deafening billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join
If haply some, thy friends, should praise;
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not—but should'st thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind to meet,
That thought thy pleasure should alloy;
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
On thee for ever, ever dwell,
With anxious heart and drooping eye,
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell;
But in thy calm, unclouded heart,
When dark and gloomy visions flee,
O there, my sister, be my part,
And kindly there remember me.

WOMAN.

BARNARD.

O THOU, by Heaven ordained to be
Arbitress of man's destiny!
From thy sweet lip one tender sigh,
One glance from thine approving eye,
Can raise or bend them at thy will
To virtue's noblest flight, or worst extremes of ill.
Be angel-minded, and despise
Thy sex's little vanities;

And let not passion's lawless tide
Thy better purpose sweep aside:
For woe awaits the evil hour,
That lends to man's annoy thy heaven-intrusted
power.

Woman! 'tis thine to cleanse his heart
From every gross, unholy part:
Thine, in domestic solitude,
To win him to be wise and good:
His pattern, friend, and guide to be—
To give him back the heaven he forfeited for
thee!

THE CHRISTIAN ELEVATION OF WOMAN.

MATURIN.

THE history of woman in all civilized society is of the utmost importance to man. Of what importance then is it that they should be prepared for the part they are to support in it—a part of the most awful consequence to the fate of empires, to the interests of society, and, above all, to the peaceful felicities of domestic life: yes—let me not be thought to make a false climax when I speak of the felicities of domestic life as last and highest in the scale of human existence—they *are* highest. The eternal analogies of nature stand unshaken and unaltered—empires and rulers

may pass away—*have* passed away before our eyes, like a dream when one awaketh. The mighty ones of the earth have changed their places, like the colours of the rainbow in a stormy sky—the earth has been moved out of her place—yet still, and for ever, the domestic charities of life exist, are cherished, are indispensable, not only to the being, but the comfort of man. While sovereigns and sceptres change like the changes of the clouds, the blessed relations of domestic life, the relations of husband and wife, and son and daughter, continue, and must continue, like the light of heaven, above, and undisturbed by all.

When we look into the early books of the Bible, those books which, in despite of the presumption of modern philosophy, contain all the knowledge we can ever arrive at about the creation of the world and the destiny of man, we find indeed an awful sentence denounced against woman—a sentence which is fulfilling at this day, and will be to the end of the world. But man need not be proud; against him also there is a sentence denounced, that in the sweat of his brow he shall eat his bread. Both sentences are fulfilling and fulfilled in every part of the globe. Man must toil, and woman must suffer; such is the destiny of human beings—gloomy and awful indeed! When we turn to the Gospel, a brighter page opens; there temporal sufferings and temporal struggles disappear in the glorious prospect of an eternity. Eternity! O that the word was as

familiar to your souls, as it is to your ears! To the ears of women, at least, that sound ought to be welcome. Christianity has done for them that which neither their nature, their habits, the constitution of society, nor the laws of all the legislators of Europe could do for them.—Christianity alone has elevated woman to her true dignity in existence. *Let woman repay her vast debt to Christianity.*

To estimate what she owes, let us view the situation of women in any part of the globe where Christianity does not exist. Wherever it does not exist, woman is degraded; wherever Christianity does exist, woman is exalted. In youth we are shewn what are called the illustrious examples of classical eminence. Miserable eminence! One of the best of their writers pronounced the first female character of antiquity intolerable from her pride and presumption. I have no wish to struggle against the invincible prejudice about classic characters here—the prejudice about Roman matrons and Grecian heroines—they appear to me only sublime savages—persons who, by the energy of their minds, rose above their miserable fate, but were not the less miserable ultimately. Human happiness, depending so much as it does always on women, on those who bore us, and on those we love, appears to me never to have attained its true level, its moral average, until the religion of Christ was known. Till then women were slaves or toys, victims of a passion too gross to be named;

or, rising above it, they rose into examples of monstrous and exaggerated greatness—fierce and unfeminine—unsexed and unnatural: they were women who could bid their sons go out, and return upon their shields—they were like Agrippina, bearing in her bosom the urn of one husband, and soliciting another in the first year of her widowhood.

It is horrible to look back on the page of history, on the page of life: it is horrible to see how women have been treated; it is horrible to the philosopher, or the religionist; but O! that it was useful to women—that they could see that their only dignity was derived from that which is above—that their true beauty was “the beauty of holiness!”—Where is she to discover the true estimate, the real utility and dignity of her character and of her sex? Let her be instructed. Among savages she is a slave: the miserable mother there is often known to strangle her female infant, and to call the deed merciful—and perhaps it is so—among such beings, woman is a beast of burden, and less honoured, in proportion as her strength is less than that of ordinary animals.

And is this the lot of woman—of that elegant and feeble being, whose infirmities are her graces, whose dependence on man appears her most attractive virtue? It is. Such is the destiny of woman, when human necessity organizes it: when human passion merely organizes it, it is worse, if

possible—yes, worse.—Better be the manure scattered over the soil, and trodden down to fertilize it; than the rose that is torn, and wasted in wantonness, and given to the winds to waft its perished leaves over the burning desert of desire and annihilation. Yes, such is the fate of woman in countries where all the attention of man is given to his own indulgence—where woman, a dazzling victim, is arrayed and instructed in all that can dazzle the senses, and then led, a lovely, intoxicated victim, to the altar of sensuality, and sacrificed for ever.

On the history of such nations, a mind that reflects will pause, and say to itself, where woman is thus degraded, man is a brute:—and it is true—awfully true. Women avenge themselves on man:—if we make them slaves, we are slaves ourselves—we may bind them with chains, but *the iron enters into our own souls*:—if we bruise their heads, they bruise us, and mortally too. Thus we see woman, in some countries the slave of necessity, and in others the slave of appetite. Where alone do we behold her free, honoured, and beloved? Only where the religion of Christ is known. Ay, and in such direct proportion to each other are the religion of the Gospel and the emancipation of the female sex, that their liberty is precisely varied according as the light of that religion is more or less obscure in the various countries of Europe. The women in the south of *Europe* are scarce better than their neighbours of

the harem. It is, indeed, amazing, that even in the wildest regions of the earth, where religion and civilization are alike unknown, the importance of woman should not have forced itself upon man.

Viewed in a public, a social, or a private aspect, her character is inestimably important. In public, the fate of empires, connected as it must be with legality of succession, depends solely on the purity of the female character: of what value must that be, the failure of which might convulse half Europe, and plunge its nations in war and bloodshed for centuries?

If viewed in a social light, the character of females, if less momentous, is still more attractive. Who are they, who, even in this country, move the great springs of every national institution that has been formed for the relief of their fellow-creatures? Women. Who, rejecting the fastidiousness of rank, and the blandishments of pleasure, visit the school and the hospital; become conversant with misery in all her forms, and are neither repelled nor disgusted by the most frightful? Women. Who are they that are ready to promote every good word and work; who protect every weakness, and palliate every suffering, from the cry of the infant orphan, to the wailing of dotage and decrepitude; who furnish instruction for the ignorant, refuge for the unprotected, and an asylum even for repentant vice? Who are they, who, in the metropolis, where every street is putrid with

vice and wretchedness, have opened a thousand doors of mercy, and hover, like presiding angels, over those institutions which they have consecrated by their benevolence? They are women.

Let us look from social to domestic life. Such is the felicity of the female character, that the closer it is inspected, the more advantageously it appears—like some fine piece of mosaic, whose minutest part is also its most exquisite. In domestic life, it is woman on whom we are dependent for the first years of existence, and for all its future felicity: it is she who tends us in sickness, who soothes us in care, who consoles us in calamity, to whom the heart instinctively turns in the hour of suffering, and never turns in vain. With all our boasted strength, we lean for support on one weaker than ourselves; and we find it is she who, in the hour of adversity, like the women of old, who gave up their ornaments for the exigencies of the state, gracefully convert those accomplishments, which distinguished her in happier hours, into the means of procuring that which her protector fails to procure. It is she who, alienated neither by misfortune, nor even vice, follows us to prison, adjusts the straw bed, earns the spare morsel she refuses to partake; but hides the tear that moistens it, lest it should seem to reproach the author of her sufferings.

But why do I detain you with representations weak, defective, and unworthy of the original? The portrait of woman has been drawn by a hand

that leaves neither touch nor colour to be added to it. Look to the Bible—consider the history of Jesus Christ:—Who ministered to him of their substance? Who followed him whithersoever he went? Who sat at his feet? Who wept there? Look at the history of his last hour—one companion betrays him, another denies him—of the rest, “all forsook him and fled”—but woman was last at the Cross, and woman was first at the Sepulchre. Yes—here behold the female character at its highest elevation, raised to the eminence, and displayed by the light of religion.

Men may possess great qualities, and perform great actions, that are not consecrated by the blessed spirit of religion; but there can be nothing great in the female character that has not its foundation in religion.—The strenuous and tumultuous destination of man allows and requires a certain spirit of roughness—a preparation for self-defence—a kind of latent hostility about him;—but the natural flow and tendency of the female character is in the channel of goodness. Man, brought up for the field or the flood, the bar or the senate, must be armed with a spirit suited to the rough encounters he may meet with;—but woman, from the hour of her birth, seems consecrated to the cultivation of “whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely”—if there be any virtue, and any praise, “to think on these things and do them.”

WOMAN'S SYMPATHIES IN LOVE.

FROM "VISIONS OF SOLITUDE," A POEM.

SHAME be on him who slights exalted love ;
Confounds with passion, friendship the most pure
That man can know ; and selfishly prefers
Thy dull monotony, unwedded life,
To the dear duties of domestic ties !
What, if some choose amiss—some rashly choose,
Nor count the cost, but dream of joys ne'er found
In this delusive world—shall we dare mock
The married state, by God himself ordained ?
Ah, who in life's cold journey has not felt
His need of woman's sympathy and love !
In infancy, on woman's breast we hang,
And woman's arm sustains us ; woman's voice
Lulls us to slumber, and her watchful eye
Marks every symptom of our health and pain.
In childhood, still we need her fostering hand
To train us up ; and when to youth we spring,
Resistless is the impulse of the soul,
To seek a soul, in female form enshrined,
Of kindred sensibility and truth.
In manhood's summer, what were home, were ease,
Were affluence, unblessed by woman's smile ?
While the poor hind, that ploughs the stubborn
glebe,
And wields the scythe, and o'er the sickle bends,
'Mid poverty and toil, may solace find
In her society, whom honest love

Has named the partner of his humble lot.
 And when the chill of age our hearts confess ;
 When strength of body, symmetry of form,
 Vigour of limb, and ardour of the soul,
 Have passed away ; still, still to woman's love,
 To woman's tenderness and soothing power,
 Instinctive turns the yearning heart, and finds
 In her assiduous and her gentle care,
 The last kind offices we crave or need.
 Who longest sheds the tear upon our grave ?
 Who cherishes our recollection most,
 When we are gone ?—Who kindest draws the veil
 Of charity, our weaknesses above,
 And on our virtues most delights to dwell ?
 O woman, it is thou !—And let my hand
 Lose the bard's cunning, when I cease to praise
 Him who has framed thee, helpmate meet for man,
 And man's best comforter of earthly mould,
 For the dear boon He gave to man in thee !

THE WIFE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
 As are the concealed comforts of man
 Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
 Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
 What a delicious breath marriage sends forth ;
 The violet bed's not sweeter."

I HAVE often had occasion to mark the fortitude
 with which women sustain the most overwhelming

reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage round the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant has been rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten by sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children.—If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if other-

wise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.—"Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy-tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture

with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight, and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favour and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to

happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I enquired, “Does your wife know of all this?”—At the question he burst into an agony of tears. “For God’s sake!” cried he, “if you have any pity on me, don’t mention my wife, it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!”

“And why not?” said I. “She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love softens the harshest tidings. Besides you are depriving yourself of the comfort of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying on your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels un-

valued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegances of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart—it will break her heart!—"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you never placed your happiness in outward show

—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—”

“I could be happy with her,” cried he, convulsively, “in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!”

“And believe me, my friend,” said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, “believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman’s heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.”

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said,

I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. —In short, I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

“And how did she bear it?”

“Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy.—But, poor girl,” added he, “she has no real idea of poverty but in abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences or elegances. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial.”

“But,” said I, “now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over: whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence,

that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.” On this point, I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days after, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and had taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife’s harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves: for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length, broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I: "has any thing happened to her?"

"What!" said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good-humour. Indeed, she seems to be in better spirits than ever I have known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced in an humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of every thing elegant,—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this pic-

ture, that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers gracefully disposed about the door, and on the grassplot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out of the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us: she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

“My dear George, cried she, “I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watch-

ing for you; and running down the lane looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've gathered some of the most delicious straw-berries for I know you are fond of them—and with such excellent cream—and everything is so comfortable and still here—O!” said she, putting her head within his, and looking up brightly in his face. “O, we shall be so happy!”

Poor Leslie was overcome.—He caught her in his bosom—he folded his arms round her and kissed her again and again—he could not restrain the tears gushed into his eyes; and he often assured me that though the world had gone prosperously with him, and his life had indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

THE EXEMPLARY WIFE.

KNOX.

O BLEST is he whose arms infold,
A consort virtuous as fair!
Her price is far above the gold
That worldly spirits love to share.
On her, as on a beauteous isle,
Amid life's dark and stormy sea,

In all his trouble, all his toil,
He rests with deep security.

Even in the night-watch, dark and lone,
The distaff fills her busy hands;
Her husband in the gates is known
Among the elders of the land;
Her household all delight to share
The food and raiment she bestows,—
Even she with all a parent's care
Regards their weakness and their woes.

Her pitying hand supplies the poor,
The widowed one, the orphan child,—
Like birds assembled round her door,
When sweeps the winter tempest wild.
Her lips with love and wisdom fraught,
Drop, like the honey-comb, their sweets;
The young are by her dictates taught,
The mourner her condolence meets.

Her lovely babes around her rise—
Fair scions of a holy stem!
And deeply shall her bosom prize
The blessings she receives from them.
Beauty is vain—the summer bloom
To which a transient fate is given;
But hers awaits a lasting doom
In the eternal bowers of heaven.

STANZAS.*

J. A. W.

To the memory of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Martin Forster, of whom all that was mortal perished, during the wreck of the steam-packet, *Rothsay Castle*, in *Beaumaris Bay*, North Wales, August 17, 1831.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?"—*Rom. viii. 35.*

BOUND on a voyage o'er Life's rough main,
In company they stood;
And held their course, as not in vain,
Through that tempestuous flood.

One banner was by each displayed,
—The banner of the Cross;
And storms might roar,—but, undismayed,
They feared no final loss.

Glad to obey their Captain's voice,
Whatever gales might rise,
To do *His will* they could rejoice,
—Eternal rest their prize.

And long they sailed, with favouring wind,
And sunny skies of love,—
With many a bright isle left behind,
—With brighter hopes above.—

* Written after reading the Rev. J. H. Stewart's affecting Narrative.

And when, at length, the stormy night
Of Death obscured their way,
Amidst its gloom they hailed a light,
The dawn of endless day.

Ay—and to many a sinking bark,
Upon the waves of Time,
'Twas theirs, while all around grew dark,
To shew those beams sublime.

Through Nature's weaknesses and fears,
Through tempest, and through gloom,
To point to land that bright appears,
Beyond thy gulf—O Tomb! *

* Never shall I forget the expressions of one of the survivors, when asking him if there were any who seemed alarmed, and dreaded to look back at their former lives. "Yea," he answered, "there were. Some were crying out in the accents of despair; and others were confessing that, in the days of ease, and wealth, and while seeking their worldly gain, they had forgotten their God, and bitterly lamented their misconduct." He was asked, "Do you think their confessions were sincere?" He replied, "So sincere, that you might see their consciences, and every word they uttered was like a shot in my heart, reminding me of my own sins!" * * * * *

Some of the persons who were at the bow of the vessel were dreadfully alarmed, and crying out in the bitterness of despair. Our beloved brother was observed by the same person, who had observed them together in prayer, going, as he might well say, like an angel of mercy among them, and telling them not to be in such terrible dismay,—that it was not yet too late to apply to the Lord Jesus; that he was still able and willing to save; and

Together launched—together borne
Above the floods of strife,
Why should we now their entrance mourn
Together into life?

The port is reached—their toils are o'er,
Their anchor cast in peace;
Their souls have gained that tranquil shore,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

And well may we, who still contend
With angry wind and wave,
Upon that Pilot's skill depend,
Who triumphs o'er the grave.

The tranquil haven lies ahead,
Though billows fiercely foam,
And Christ shall calm each spirit's dread,
As he conducts us home.—

O, may we learn on Him to trust,
While yet 'tis called to-day!

therefore desiring them, while there was one moment left, to cast themselves upon him! The Lord seemed to have blessed the message, for there was an immediate stillness, and some were heard devoutly calling upon his name. O how consoling is it to think that the Lord was thus honouring our beloved brother in his dying hour. At the very time that he was about to sink into the deep waters, using him to pluck, as a brand from the burning, some whose spirits seemed descending into a far deeper gulph.—*Rev. James Haldane Stewart's Narrative. Third Edition.*

Nor shrink to quit, when quit we must,
Our bodies cast away.

In sunshine, and in gloom, may we
To Him the helm confide!
To Him for strength—for wisdom flee,
Whatever may betide!

JEHOVAH JIREH.

LYTE.

WHEN earthly joys glide fast away,
When hopes and comforts flee,
When foes beset, and friends betray,
I turn, my God, to Thee.

Thy nature, Lord, no change can know,
Thy promise still is sure,
And ills can ne'er so hopeless grow
But Thou canst find a cure.

Deliverance comes most bright and blest
At danger's darkest hour;
And man's extremity is best
To prove Almighty power.

High as Thou art, Thou still art near
When suppliants succours crave;
And as thine ear is swift to hear,
Thy arm is strong to save.

FORGET ME NOT.

J. A. W.

(Written on being presented with the flower so called, by my Sister.)

MEEK flower of unpretending hue,
Of starry eye, and pallid blue,
That springes in the woodland way—
Or purest, 'mid the hedgerows gay,
Through tufted grass,—'neath hawthorn shade;
Sweet tenant of the gladsome glade,
The sunny bank, the twilight dell,
Who shall thy modest merits tell?
Who sing thy praise in simple lay,
Fair daughter of the lovely May?

The stranger, as he pensive roves,
When springtide blossoms scent the groves,
Perchance may view, with heedless eye,
Full many a flower of brighter dye,—
And e'en regardless pass the bed,
Where secret violets perfume shed:
Then sighing pause, while thoughts of home
Fast crowding o'er the spirit come;
And half forget his lonely lot,
Where gleams thy smile—"Forget me not."

Of days of infant mirth it tells—
Of young imagination's spells,
When fields below, and skies above,
Were radiant all with hope and love;

And life seemed all a verdant plain,
Where frowned not cares, nor entered pain :
—Of hours passed in fraternal play,
Where streamlets dash, with mimic spray,
Round mossy stone,—or murmuring glide,
'Neath willow boughs their waves to hide.

And when we stray those paths along,
Made vocal by the woodland song ;
Or o'er the verdant meadows roam,
Where wild bees love to seek their home ;
Or in the sylvan glade repose,
While foliaged ramparts round us close ;
Let each low plant—each floweret spread
Upon the turf their footsteps tread,
—A preacher in such tranquil spot,
Exclaim—"O, man, forget me not!

"Forget not thou the wondrous skill,
That formed me at thy Maker's will :
Forget not that the fearful Power
Which earth sustains, decks too the flower!
Though suns, though planets own his might,
Which called them from the womb of night,
Not less His wisdom meets thy view,
Where the green herb drinks in the dew,
And insect bowers their tenants shield,
—Those fitting pilgrims of the field!"

Yes, O my God! thy voice I hear
In all the seasons of the year ;

In every scene of night or day,
Thy wisdom hails me on my way;
All, all,—or high or low, proclaim
The glory of thy awful name!
And though a frail and fleeting thing,
Fain would I of that glory sing,
And pray,—unworthy though I be,
That Thou would'st e'en Forget not me.

ON THE RECOLLECTION OF MY SISTER.

FROM "VISIONS OF SOLITUDE," A POEM.

AY, there was one, the first I ever loved,
As child loves child,—my hopes did hover round,
Gaily as butterflies around the flower,
The early beauteous flower of summer-tide;
And years of absence only to our love
Added new strength, until we all but met,
All but became companions once again.
But, Oh, our trysting-spot was where the earth,
In new-raised mound, pressed on her pulseless
 breast,
And the sad sighing of the chilly breeze
That shook the sere leaf from the shivering bough,
Or vacant passenger's discordant mirth,
The only sounds that fell upon my ear!
Long has the dim and melancholy hour
Elapsed; but never from my mind can fade
Remembrance of my wintry pilgrimage

To the first grave, in which the heart itself
Seems to descend, pressed down by tearless woe ;
While time-untutored feelings scarce may own—
Scarce may conceive corruption and the worm
Reigning below the turf whereon we gaze.

FEMALE CHARITY.

BARRET.

WOMAN all exceeds
In ardent sanctitude and pious deeds,
And chief in Woman charities prevail,
That soothe when sorrow or disease assail.
As dropping balm medicinal instils
Health when we pine, her tears alleviate ills,
And the moist emblems of her pity flow
As Heaven relented with the watery bow.
Let pearls embellish tresses, dew the morn,
But beauties more divine the maid adorn,
When mourning him she loved, her tender tear,
That else had blest his bed, imbathes his bier.

Ask the poor pilgrim on this convex cast,
His grizzled locks distorted in the blast ;
Ask him what accent soothes, what hand bestows
The cordial beverage, garment, and repose ;
O, he will dart a spark of ancient flame,
And clasp his tremulous hands, and Woman
name !

Peruse the sacred volume : Him who died
Her kiss betrayed not, nor her tongue denied.
While even the apostles left him to his doom,
She lingered round his cross, and watched his
tomb.

ON FEMALES.

ANON.

IN those stages of human society that intervene between the most uncultivated state of nature and taste for elegance and refinement of mankind, pageantry and show seem to employ the utmost attention, and to be considered as the only proper appendages of grandeur; strong proofs of which are afforded us by almost all the nations of the east, and by Poland in the north. The Polish women of fashion seldom go to visit one another, without being attended by the most numerous train of servants, carriages, and flambeaux they can muster; but when we follow them home, we meet with nothing adequate to this parade: their apartments are but poorly furnished, and but hardly clean, and themselves are the mean and fawning slaves of their husbands, who, except in the articles of equipage and dress, scarcely treat them as rational beings. In Germany, where in general the taste is less formed, the women are

more fond of family pageantry, and more crammed with family pride, than in France or England. In Italy, of a warmer temperament, they aim more at captivating the heart than the eyes, and have there, as well as in France, attained almost an absolute dominion over the men; a prerogative, which in Portugal seems much on the decline: for though, in the time of Alphonso, when the Portuguese were an honour to human nature, the man who insulted a woman, or broke any promise he had made to her, was degraded from whatever rank he enjoyed; at present the false gallantry introduced, authorizes him to commit every perfidy of that nature with impunity.

So extensive are the effects of politeness in Europe, that it has not only softened the actions and manners of him, who, tutored in the lap of ease, has received the polish of a good education; but of him also, who left to nature, has nothing to boast of but what he received from her hand. This spirit of sympathetic indulgence, or of polite gallantry, does not stop in endeavouring to ease the load of female toil, or mitigate the severity of that labour for which their natural weakness seems to have incapacitated the sex; it expands itself to every part of the conduct of the men which has any relation to them. We give a woman, though of inferior quality, the right hand, shew her every token of respect, and place her in every situation of honour. We lavish our substance on ornaments for our wives and daughters,

and reckon that when they appear in elegance and taste, they reflect a lustre and credit upon us. We are hurt when they behave improperly ; and, on the contrary, persuade ourselves that their good conduct adds a dignity to our character and reputation. In short, we are so deeply interested in every thing that relates to them, that they may be considered as the arbiters of our fate, and the spring that sets in action and continues to direct almost every action of our lives: such is the indulgence we shew them, and such the power we put in their hands, that a proverbial expression has from thence arisen, that *England is the heaven of women.*

In France, Italy, and Spain, the deference paid to women is still greater than in England, and generally proceeds from different motives : here the honour we confer upon them, flows from a mixture of love for their persons, and esteem for their virtues; there it arises, for the most part, only from a kind of customary gallantry, which seems more directed to the whole sex than to an individual. A Frenchman, the moment he is in the company of a woman, whether young or old, beautiful or otherwise, declares himself her admirer, talks of flames and darts, and pays her a thousand compliments on her beauty. An Italian, when he is introduced to a lady, approaches her in the most humble and submissive manner, kisses her hand, and, if she is handsome, and of quality, considers her as a sublime being, as an angel in

human form, and consequently never to be approached but with the greatest reverence. The Spaniard goes yet a step further: the whole sex is to him an object of little less than adoration; he retains still a tincture of knight-errantry, in every thing relating to women, and will readily venture his life to save any of them from trouble or from danger; the object of his love is never less than a goddess, whom he always mentions with all the extravagance that metaphor and hyberbole can dictate; and, to a woman above the rank of a peasant, he never presents any thing but in a kneeling posture.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

ANON.

GONE from her cheek is the summer's bloom,
And her breath hath lost all its sweet perfume,
And the gloss hath dropt from her golden hair,
And her forehead is pale, though no longer fair,
And the spirit that sat in her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality——
And the smile that played on her lip hath fled,
And every grace hath now left the dead:
Like slaves they obeyed her, in her height of
power,
But left her all in her wintry hour.

And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrank from the breath of her last sad sigh,
And this is *Man's Fidelity*.—
'Tis woman alone, with a firmer heart,
Can see all these Idols of life depart,
And love the man, and soothe and bless,
Man in his utter wretchedness.

MARY.

LYTE.

I SAW her in childhood,
A bright gentle thing,
Like the dawn of the morn,
Or the dews of the spring,
The blossoms and birds,
Were her playmates all day,
Herself as attractive
And artless as they.

I met her again,
A fair girl of eighteen,
Fresh glittering with graces
Of mind and of mien.
Her speech was all music,
Like moonlight she shone,
The envy of many,
The glory of one.

Years, years flitted over;
I stood at her foot,
The bud had grown blossom,
The blossom was fruit.
A dignified mother,
Her infant she bore;
And looked, I thought, fairer
Than ever before.

I saw her once more,
'Twas the day that she died;
Heaven's light was around her,
And Christ at her side:
No wishes to move her,
No fears to appal:
O then, I felt, then
She was fairest of all!

THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

MONTGOMERY.

"Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

I saw thee young and beautiful,
I saw thee rich and gay,
In the first blush of womanhood,
Upon thy wedding-day:
The church-bells rang,
And the little children sang,—

"Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet ;
Sweets to the sweet !
The winter's past, the rains are gone ;
Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on."

I saw thee poor and desolate,
I saw thee fade away,
In broken-hearted widowhood,
Before thy locks were grey :
The death-bell rang,
And the little children sang,—
"Lilies, dress her winding-sheet ;
Sweets to the sweet ;
The summer's past, the sunshine gone ;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

"Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on ;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

ON THE ECONOMY OF TIME.

ANON.

PRECIOUS as time is, nothing is more squandered away, nothing which we waste so much of, not even our money, which, in this extravagant age, I am sensible is thrown away in the most trifling manner. I was much struck the other day on seeing a coachman on his box pull out a book from his pocket as soon as his master was set

lown at his visit, and begin reading very attentively. Whatever were his studies, he lost no time in them; and I must confess I thought his example worthy of imitation.

I do not here mean to recommend a dry, formal, methodical way of spending time; but in general to make such use of every part of it, that we may live as long as we can; for how very short would some folks's lives be, if we were to deduct all the blanks from them which idleness has made; and how much longer would they appear than they really are, if we could fill those hours up with useful employment! How different would our lives appear on a review of them, were it our wish to make them as valuable to others, and beneficial to ourselves, as might be! The shortest life would then appear long, when every day could be distinguished and recalled; or at least, when altogether so much had been done by us, that nothing but a constant economy of our time could have enabled us to get through such a variety of agreeable as well as useful employments. We should look upon our time as a small field, to which we are confined for a certain, or, I would rather say, for an uncertain time. In this our field, which has been given us by our best Friend, we should take care to cultivate every thing that the ground is capable of producing; every spot should be sown with the seed suitable to its soil. Our spade should be continually going: we should dig for new treasures, find out new sources of improve-

ment, and, when found, should labour to bring them to perfection; we should hough down every weed, not suffering it to take root. These will keep us employed the great part of every day, and where the soil is most fertile, there will be most cause for our hough. Here we should sow nothing but good seed, nothing but what will be sure soon to yield us rich increase. We should vary our work also with the seasons: in our spring, be putting in our crops and our plants; in our summer, weeding and pruning them; in our autumn, reaping and receiving the produce of our labour; and in our winter, endeavouring to keep alive what we have found most valuable, and reflecting with pleasure on all our labours.

In this our little field of time, we have a part of it for pleasure-ground too. Here we should enter with caution, always taking care to keep that walk smooth which leads back again to our necessary and useful works, that, while we indulge ourselves with a little relaxation in it, we may never lose sight of, or a relish for, returning to the other parts of our field again. And even to this our pleasure-ground we should carry our implements, and keep it free from every noxious weed, filling it only with those delightful fruits and flowers, which, when dead, give us no disagreeable sensations.

One piece of advice more let me add, and that is, so to dispose our ground that it may afford us an agreeable prospect into that beautiful country

which our Friend will one day or other remove and there present us with an estate suitable to the improvement made in the small tract now at our disposal.

I have now done with my little allegory: but suppose we were just to stop a little and take a review of the years which are past. Let us ask ourselves what satisfaction they have brought us? what that was which has yielded us any? and whether it will always give us the same? These questions fairly put, and candidly answered, we shall be able to form schemes for our future satisfaction, either by pursuing our old methods, or adopting new ones; above all, remembering that no year need pass without yielding us some self-satisfaction, and affording us some agreeable reflections. It is no wonder to have the art of economy in time; and Idleness, that king of mischief, that destroyer of innumerable pleasures to ourselves and others, would be for ever banished into exile. A little recollection at night upon the employments of the past day, and a little forecast in the morning towards those of the ensuing one, would save many a sorrowful reflection, and give many a joy-one. In short, let us remember,

The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

TIME.

DALE.

"What is your life? It is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

YES—all may grace our mortal day,
That warms the heart, and wins the eye,
And gives each ardent sense to stray
From rapture to satiety.

Wealth—glory—grandeur throned on high,
And that which melts the heart of stone,
The magic beam of Beauty's eye,
But time glides on,—and all are gone.

And thou—whom Heaven's high will denies
To soar above thy fellow-men,
For thee as dear a home may rise
In village cot—or mountain glen;
Where loving and beloved again,
Thy hopes—thy heart may rest on one:
Oh! what is life?—time flies—and then
Death speeds his dart—and both are gone.

And thou, too, wretch—forbear to weep,
Thy misery need not last for aye—
Why feed the thought that else might sleep?
Why waste in hopeless grief away?
Deserted in thy darker day,
If friends are fled, and thou alone,
Thy God will prove a firmer stay—
Seek Him—time flies—and thou art gone.

Oh! what are all the gauds of earth—
Love's melting smile—young beauty's bloom—
The pomp of wealth—the pride of birth,—
Are these remembered in the tomb?
No! sunk in cold oblivion's gloom
They lie—their very names unknown—
The mouldering marble tells their doom,—
They lived—time fled—and they are gone.

So shalt thou fall—but dost thou deem
To sleep in peace beneath the sod?
Dash from thy soul that empty dream,
And know thyself—and know thy God.
Nor earth, nor time restrain his rod;
And thou—a few short summers flown,
Thou treadest the path thy father trod,
'Thy doom is fixed, and—hope is gone.

Chained to the dust, from whence we spring,
Why thus from yon bright skies be driven?
O turn to your eternal King—
Believe—repent—and be forgiven.
Haste—seize the proffered hope of heaven,
While life and light are yet thine own;
Swift as the passing cloud of even,
Time glides along—and thou art gone!

TIME.

WATTS.

A due sense of Time, hastening to its period, will furnish us with perpetual new occasions of holy meditations.

Do I observe the declining day and the setting sun sinking into darkness? So declines the day of life, the hours of labour, and the season of grace. O may I finish my appointed work with honour before the day is fled! May I improve the shining hours of grace before the shadows of the evening overtake me, and my time of working is no more!

Do I see the moon gliding along through midnight, and fulfilling her stages in the dusky sky? This planet also is measuring out my life, and bringing the number of my months to their end. May I be prepared to take leave of the sun and moon, and bid adieu to these visible heavens and all the twinkling glories of them! These are all but the measure of my time, and hasten me on towards eternity.

Am I walking in a garden, and stand still to observe the slow motion of the shadow upon a dial there? It passes over the hour-lines with an imperceptible progress, yet it will touch the last line of daylight shortly: so my hours and my moments move onward with silent pace; but they will arrive with certainty at the last limit,

how heedless soever I am of their motion, and how thoughtless soever I may be of the improvement of time, or of the end of it.

Does a new year commence, and the first morning of it dawn upon me? Let me remember that the last year was finished, and gone over my head, in order to make way for the entrance of the present; I have one year less to travel through this world, and to fulfil the various services of a travelling state: may my diligence in duty be increased, since the number of my appointed years is diminished!

Do I find a new birthday in my survey of the Calendar, the day wherein I entered upon the stage of mortality, and was born into this world of sins, frailties, and sorrows, in order to my probation for a better state? Blessed Lord, how much have I spent already of this mortal life, this season of my probation, and how little am I prepared for that happy world! How unready for my dying moment! I am hastening hourly to the end of the life of man which began at my nativity; am I yet born of God? Have I begun the life of a saint? Am I prepared for that awful day which shall determine the number of my months on earth? Am I fit to be born into the world of spirits through the strait gate of death? Am I renewed in all the powers of my nature, and made meet to enter into that unseen world, where there shall be no more of these revolutions of days and years, but one eternal day fills up all

the space with divine pleasure, or one eternal night with long and deplorable distress and darkness?

When I see a friend expiring, or the corpse of my neighbour conveyed to the grave, alas! their months and minutes are all determined, and the seasons of their trials are finished for ever; they are gone to their eternal home, and the state of their souls is fixed unchangeably: the angel that has sworn their *time shall be no longer*, has concluded their hopes, or has finished their fears, and, according to the rules of righteous judgment, has decided their misery or happiness for a long immortality. Take this warning, O my soul, and think of thy own removal.

Are we standing in the churchyard, paying the last honours to the relics of our friends? What a number of hillocks of death appear all around us! What are the tombstones, but memorials of the inhabitants of that town, to inform us of the periods of all their lives, and to point out the day when it was said to each of them, *Your time shall be no longer*? O may I learn this important lesson, that my turn is hastening too; such a little hillock shall shortly arise for me in some unknown spot of ground, it shall cover this flesh and these bones of mine in darkness, and shall hide them from the light of the sun, and from the sight of man, till the heavens be no more.

Perhaps some kind surviving friend may engrave my name, with the number of my days, up-

on a plain funeral-stone, without ornament, and below envy. There shall my tomb stand among the rest as a fresh monument of the frailty of nature and the end of time. It is possible some friendly foot may now and then visit the place of my repose, and some tender eye may bedew the cold memorial with a tear: one or other of my old acquaintance may possibly attend there to learn the silent lecture of mortality from my gravestone, which my lips are now preaching aloud to the world: and should love and sorrow reach so far, perhaps, while his soul is melting in his eyelids, and his voice scarce finds an utterance, he will point with his finger, and shew his companions the month and the day of my decease. O that solemn, that awful day, which shall finish my appointed time on earth, and put a full period to all the designs of my heart, and all the labours of my tongue and pen!

Think, O my soul, that while friends and strangers are engaged on that spot, and reading the date of thy departure hence, thou wilt be fixed under a decisive and unchangeable sentence, rejoicing in the rewards of time well improved, or suffering the long sorrows which shall attend the abuse of it, in an unknown world of happiness or misery.

WHICH THINGS ARE AS A SHADOW.

ANON.

I SAW a stream, whose waves were bright
With morning's dazzling sheen :
But gathering clouds, ere fall of night,
Had darkened o'er the scene :—
 " How like that tide,"
 My spirit sighed,
 " This life to me hath been !"

The clouds dispersed,—the glorious west
Was bright with closing day :
And on the river's peaceful breast
Shone forth the sunset ray :
 My spirit caught
 The soothing thought—
Thus life might pass away.

I saw a tree, with ripening fruit,
And shady foliage crowned ;
But ah ! an axe was at its root,
And felled it to the ground :—
 Well might that tree
 Recall to me
The doom my hopes had found.

A fire consumed it : but I saw,
Its smoke ascend on high,

A shadowy type, beheld with awe,
Of that which cannot die,
 But, from the grave,
 Shall rise to crave,
A home above the sky.

PASSING AWAY.

MRS. HEMANS.

"Passing away" is written on the world and all the world contains.

It is written on the rose,
 In its glory's full array;
Read what those buds disclose,
 "Passing away."

It is written on the skies
 Of the soft blue summer's day:
It is traced in sunset's dyes,
 "Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
 As their young leaves glistening play,
And on lighter things than these,
 "Passing away."

It is written on the brow,
 Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
 "Passing away."

It is written on the *heart*,
 Alas! that *there* decay

Should claim from love a part,
"Passing away."

Friends! friends! O! shall we meet
Where the spoiler finds no prey;
Where lovely things and sweet
"Pass not away!"

O! if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest from earth's vain show
"To pass away!"

SUCH THINGS WERE.

ANON.

TIME flies when it should linger most,
The brightest joys are soonest lost;
And swiftly pass the hours away,
When friends are near and hearts are gay;
The fairest scene that mirth can bring
Adds a new feather to his wing;
And when his path is marked by care,
We say in sorrow, "Such things were."

In happy hours we often say,
"In scenes like this we must be gay."
But if we lose one valued friend,
Our feelings change, our pleasures end:

We mourn the looks so truly dear,
We miss the voice we used to hear,
The scene is changed, and, sorrowing there,
We must remember—"Such things were."

In every path we seek alone,
We sadly sigh for something gone ;
In every walk some spot is seen
Where that lost friend has lately been ;
In every song, in every dance,
We miss a tone, a step, a glance,
We think of joys we used to share,
And say in sorrow—"Such things were."

REFLECTIONS ON THE SPRING.

ANON.

THERE cannot be a more pleasing object of contemplation, than the change of the seasons, which produces a renovation of nature, and gives a new appearance to the world, by making the dreary and dismal scenes of winter give place to the exhilarating gaiety of spring ; which affords, to a mind free from corroding care and boisterous passion, an unexhausted source of innocent enjoyments. The variety of pleasing prospects, and delightful scenes, formed by hills and dales, by fields and woods ; the warbling of birds, whose cheerful notes display reviving joy ; the satisfaction dis-

covered by every animal at the growth of his food, and the mildness of the weather; give an air of gaiety to the face of things; so that this season may justly be compared to youth, as that season of life may properly be called its spring.

The vicissitude of seasons seems, indeed, to be an exact emblem of the transitory state of this mortal life. As opening spring leads on the year, and gives hopes of fertility and abundance; so, in youth, we generally discover the first symptoms of that rising genius, which, being manured by time, renders the man respectable for his endowments, and useful to society.

Youth is the proper season for instruction, and herein it resembles the spring of the year, when the book of nature is opened to our eyes, and its treasures displayed to the observation of the curious. It must be acknowledged, however, that, as Dr. Young expresses,—

— “Some untaught can hear the tuneful rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still.”

The face of nature, which Milton has justly called the “Book of knowledge fair,” has no charms for some men: it is to them a mere blank, which they pass by unregarded, preferring the dissipations of idle amusement to the elevated joys of contemplation. Such persons, however, would do well to consider that all their favourite pleasures are inferior to those which a view of nature would afford them, in what they set the highest value upon; I mean in novelty and variety. Nature is

inexhaustible in her productions, and the curious observer will always find something new, to gratify his curiosity; or something useful, to reward his researches. It can admit of no doubt, that many vegetables are possessed of properties hitherto undiscovered, which might be made of great use, and which reiterated experiments, and close attention, could not fail of bringing to light. Add to this, that he who indulges speculations of this nature, must always find new reasons to adore his Creator, as all the works of his hand evidently bear the marks of divine wisdom; and as wonderful skill and contrivance are displayed in the formation of the commonest plant as well as in the fabric of the universe.

Thus is our love of novelty, a leading principle in the human heart, which must have been implanted in us by the Author of our frame for the most benevolent purposes, gratified in a particular manner by those rural contemplations for which spring furnishes the first materials, no less than by the different appearances which things assume at the approach of the vernal season.

When a Christian beholds the scene shift from a turbulence of clouds, and all the inclemencies of the elements, to enlivening suns, serene skies, hills clothed with verdure, embowering shades, refreshing streams, and the harmony of the grove, he will be naturally led to make moral reflections on the goodness of the Supreme Being; and to conclude, from the analogy of nature, that when this

transitory life is over, it will be succeeded by a state of higher bliss, as the winter's gloom is dispelled by the rising spring.

Nothing can be better adapted to make us hope for a renewal of our existence, than our thus beholding nature itself renewed; for who can doubt but he who clothes the fields with new verdure every year, and makes the trees blossom anew, after they have been long exposed to the winter's chilling blast, is able to raise our bodies from the dust, and reanimate them with immortal vigour?

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

LYTE.

O SPRING-TIME now will soon be here,
The sweetest time of all the year,
When fields are green, and skies are blue,
And world grows beautiful anew.

The storms and clouds shall pass from high,
And the sun walk lordly up the sky,
And look down love and joy again
On herd, and beast, and living men.

Then the laughing flowers on plant and tree,
Shall bud and blossom pleasantly;
And spirits through the buxom air
Drop health and gladness every where.

The birds shall build their nests, and wake
Their roundelays in bush and brake:
And the young west-wind on wanton feet,
Go wooing along from sweet to sweet.

Then lives lithe hope; lives love and mirth;
Then God in beauty walks the earth;
The heart is in tune, and the life-blood plays,
And the soul breaks out in songs of praise.

O spring-time now will soon be here,
The sweetest time of all the year,
When green leaves burst, and flowerets spring,
And young hearts too are blossoming.

'Twas then I ventured first to twine
My Annie's trembling arm in mine;
And trod—with her I cared not where—
Through vocal fields and perfumed air.

O days of sunshine, song, and flowers!
O young love's early haunts and hours!
O tones and looks! O smiles and tears!
How shine ye still through lapse of years.

There was one bank we loved to climb,
All matted o'er with fragrant thyme,
And screened by gorse from every breeze
But the sweet south, up which the bees—

Came musical: and there we stood,
And gazed down on the mighty flood
Of ocean 'neath us sleeping mild
Between his shores as a cradled child.

Or watched where on the apple trees
Young spring sat swinging in the breeze;
Unfolding leaves, and tending flowers,
For summer's future fruits and bowers.

All, all was fair! at times like this
No sigh or sound comes in amiss;
But things around appear to win
A colour from the mood within.

The earth laughed into flower. The sky
Cleared off the clouds from his brow on high.
And God, the God of grace, unfurled
His flag of peace over a fallen world.

These youthful days are past and gone;
The autumn of my years rolls on;
And I am changed in mind and frame;
Yet spring, sweet spring, comes still the same.

I grow young with the young year then;
I live my past lot over again:
And in these hours of song and bloom
See types of those beyond the tomb.

O spring-time now will soon be here,
The sweetest time of all the year,
When God looks in on nature's night,
And says, "Be light," and there is light.

Author of nature's annual birth,
Reviver of this ruined earth,
When all besides thy bounty share,
O be not man forgotten there!

Rise, sun of glory, rise and shine
On this dark wintry soul of mine!
And make my inward wastes and snows,
Rejoice and blossom as the rose!

O while I seem to catch the sound
Of vegetation swelling round,
Grant me within a growth to prove
Of faith, and hope, and joy, and love!

Spring-tide of grace, thy work begin!
Chase the dark reign of sense and sin!
From light to light advance and shine,
Till Heaven's eternal Spring is mine!

AUTUMNAL RECOLLECTIONS.

J. A. W.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—*Isaiah* lxiv. 6.

I ONCE asked one, who had travelled far, What his notions were, on viewing the Pyramids of Egypt? He replied that, anxiously as he had long desired to behold such stupendous monuments of antiquity, he felt much disappointment when his wishes were accomplished: he looked on these gigantic monuments of sepulchral pride as surprising specimens, indeed, of what the labour and perseverance of man may accomplish: then, faint and fatigued, surveyed the drear and sandy waste around, and heartily wished himself at home.

I believe this traveller's experience not uncommon: we often fancy what is worth examining and remembering to be at a distance; and yet, in the retrospect of our years, it constantly happens that what we thought familiar at the time of its occurrence, is dwelt on, long after its date, with the freshest delights of memory; while objects and events whose magnitude and importance and fame, at the moment, astonished us, if not forgotten, are but coldly and faintly called to mind. It is therefore well, as each year wanes to its close, attentively to consider what peculiar circumstances have distinguished its progress from the course of other years; and what instructive traits, or embellishing features, it is calculated to add to our mental landscape of the "By-past time."

If I mistake not, it is Montesquieu who has said that England is a country to think in: and whatever led that political philosopher to suppose our politically free and happy realms the most suitable to the exercise of thought, the character of their climate is such as to decide the contemplative man, who delights silently to survey *the beautiful and sublime* of nature, in his opinion. And though the astronomer may view the expanse of the heavens with most wonder and delight beneath the cloudless skies of "sunny Italy," the moralist will find, perhaps, more sure scope for meditation in our own wet varying climate. In some countries the only distinction of the seasons is a change from consuming heat to deluging

rain, and from the out-pouring floodgates to the glowing furnace of the heavens. In others, winter clothes the landscape, during half the year, in one dazzling garb of frozen snow; and then summer bursts forth, with full luxuriance, and feverish pulse, from the fetters of brumal inclemency. And over Southern Europe, if the four divisions of the year are more distinctly known, still the arid atmosphere of summer withers up the herb of the field, and the foliage of the trees; and gives a sickly aspect to nature, when we expect to see her adorned in all her pride; while the winter's mild temperature restores its refreshing tints of green to the earth; and imparts to the vegetable world an appearance of vitality and vigour, rather than of decay. But at home, as month succeeds to month, we often find the progress of Human Life most faithfully depicted in the alternations of the seasons. Spring, like the early days of man's existence, is full of smiles, and hopes, and preparations; and if chills are sometimes felt, and its blooms are sometimes blighted, the fondly anticipated suns of summer are before us, and promise to compensate for every disappointment and delay the husbandman may experience. Then, slowly and imperceptibly that glowing period comes, to which we have anxiously looked forward; fresh and flourishing as manhood in its prime; but often darkened by clouds, and disturbed by showers, that abate the promises of spring. Anon succeed the shortening days and

chilly nights of autumn ; when, like the period of mature life, in which we anticipate the honourable reward of our toils, and an honourable respite from our worldly cares, we find that many hopes have been deferred, and many fears have vanished ;—that we have neither reaped as abundant gain, nor suffered as severe loss, as the changing skies of our spring and summer had led us to expect. And lastly comes winter, like the latter days of man : for a time, perhaps, quietly, and not without enjoyment, as does “a green old age ;” but soon darkened by snows and storms—cheerless and chill as human life, when fourscore years are numbered, and the strength which survives their flight is but “labour and sorrow.” Happy were it for us, if, in contemplating their vicissitudes, which each day and each month presents, we could lay to heart that the immortal soul of man is destined for other scenes, and capable of higher happiness, than this unstable world and this fugitive life can set before him. Let dark Infidelity argue as she may,

“It cannot be, that for abiding place
This earth alone is ours ; it cannot be
That for a fleeting share of chequered years,
Of broken sunshine, cloudiness, and storm,
We tread this sublunary scene—and die
Like winds that wail, amid a dreary wood,
To silence and to nothingness ;—like waves
That murmur on the sea-beach, and dissolve.”

These reflections have been very frequently

called forth in my mind, since the commencement of last spring, from having uninterruptedly resided in a secluded rural spot from that period ; and, in the autumn just waning away, the recollection of two days which I passed at a short distance from home, serve to fix it as a period in my memory, on which, in after life, I hope frequently to look back with pleasurable feelings.

Early in October I received an intimation, from a clerical friend in the county of T—p—y, that a missionary meeting was to be held in a small old town, situated in his parish : I had attended there, more than once, with much pleasure, and, I trust, some profit to myself ; and therefore joyfully obeyed the summons at the appointed season.

The morning fixed on for the meeting was very fine ; and, long before the hour appointed for its opening, most of the respectable protestants, within the circuit of several miles, began to assemble ; so that, although the place was little more than a straggling, half-decayed village, the town-hall, capable of holding about three hundred persons, was found insufficient to accommodate the congregated crowd ; and an adjournment to the large and ancient neighbouring church was, in consequence, necessary. When the confusion, unavoidably attendant on this change of place, had ceased, it was impossible to look around the sacred edifice without feelings of high gratification. All the audience *appeared* interested and attentive,

and the greater part, I believe, *felt* so. The chair was taken by a nobleman of unaffected zeal; and, although religion was once, and at no very remote date, considered incompatible with the profession of arms, two officers of the royal navy were seen on the platform, prepared to take an active part in the proceedings of the day; not far from whom sat another, of advanced military rank, who had acted a distinguished part in the still recent war struggles of his country, as an approving spectator, ready to publicly sanction with his voice that of which his judgment approved. Several gentlemen of fortune and local interest were also in attendance; and, although the society whose cause was about to be advocated had been organized and solely acted under members of the established church, protestant ministers of other denominations were also in attendance, willing to advocate the common cause of religion.

The object of the meeting was also well calculated to call forth the Christian's warmest gratitude, and most tender sympathy:—gratitude for the Gospel-light and the Gospel-privileges he has the *means* of so abundantly enjoying at home; and sympathy for the mental and moral degradation in which the heathen world is sunk. Cold is the believer's heart indeed, and little worthy of his high profession, if it feel no yearnings of compassion towards the inhabitants of those desolate fields, into which we seek to send forth la-

bourers in the Lord, who shall make it meet, under their Master's blessing, for God's heritage and God's husbandry; while we ourselves sit, at comparative ease, each partaking of spiritual mercies under the peaceful shade of his own vine, and his own fig-tree—his lot cast, with undeserved favour, not in the dark abodes of the earth, but in "a goodly heritage."—In the state of the Gentile world, the Christian can likewise discern a proof of the utter apostacy of man from his Maker, as set forth in Scripture; and hence infer, amid a variety of proofs, that "all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God." Were it not for this apostacy, Baal and Moloch, Juggernaut and Vishnu, Jupiter and Woden, and all the long catalogue of pagan deities, would never have held an accredited existence, even in the most heated imagination. The Lord Jehovah has left witness of himself—of his own omnipotence and glory, wherever we turn the eye; nor could the wondrous Architect of the universe, the "Great Spirit of nature, unbounded, unknown," have ever been worshiped under the similitude of a graven image, and with base and earth-born attributes, in the absence of Revelation, were not every thought of the *naked human heart* "only evil continually:" for of the true and holy God it may, most truly, be said,

"The meanest pin in nature's frame
Marks out some letter of his name;
Where sense can reach or fancy rove,
From hill to vale, from field to grove,

Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or low or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God."

Such were the reflections which occupied my mind, before the business of the day was commenced ; and such considerations, naturally suggested by the purpose for which we had assembled, convince me, more and more, each time they occur, on such occasions, how false is the charge that the promotion of religion abroad, decreases the means of religious activity and exertion at home. Far otherwise is the fact.—“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations,” is the plain, the positive command : freely as we have received, freely are we to give : and a few minutes of serious meditation on the actual state of those “without hope, and without God in the world,” can scarcely fail to excite our personal thankfulness, and call forth our domestic zeal ; well knowing that it will be “more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the Day of Judgment,” than for those who, in a Christian land, *have loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.*

At length the chairman rose ; and having made several preliminary observations, the respective speakers addressed the assembly, for the most part briefly, but earnestly and well. Although I have felt it my duty, at different times, to say a few words myself on such an occasion, I this day occupied the station most in unison with my own

feelings, that of a mere hearer and looker on ; and had therefore more full leisure and ease of mind to attend to what was passing around me, and mark the appearance and note the words of each speaker. One in particular, ere he stood up, attracted my attention forcibly : his frame was slight ; his countenance wore impressions of thoughtfulness and recent sickness, that added a few apparent years to the three-and-twenty he had actually numbered ; and his features bespoke him a descendant, not of the sons of ancient Greece and Rome, but of the Children of Israel — of Abraham, *the father of the faithful, and the friend of God*. He came forward, in his turn, with evident modesty, but with unembarrassed ease ; looked reverently around the venerable house of prayer ; and, with a clear and mild enunciation, commenced in language that won its way to every ear of a hushed and listening audience.—

He presented himself to notice, he said, with feelings he could not express ; for he stood in the temple of that living God, whose very existence he had once denied, and whose holy name he once had dared to blaspheme. He believed it was expected by many, he should say something of himself ; and although the fear of self-obtrusion, on his part, might forbid him to gratify their wishes, yet he remembered how his Lord and Master had told the cleansed leper to go and shew what great things God had done for him ; and in obedience to that mandate, rather than to

the inclinations of his fellow-men, he would, for a few minutes, revert to his past history.

He was the son of a Jew ; and the manner of his life, from his youth up, was among his own nation : all who knew him, from his early days, could testify, *that after the most straitest sect of his religion, he had lived a pharisee.* : His father was a *rabbi* of learning and reputation among his exiled brethren in London ; and had early instructed him in all the intricacies of the law, and in all the traditions of the elders ; so that, at the age of fourteen, his own knowledge touching these matters gained for him no trivial consideration. He was then sent to travel on the Continent ; and remained abroad four years, visiting the greater part of Europe which can boast of social refinement. During this time he frequently met and mixed with infidels, men of learning and talent ; of his own religion he knew nothing beyond the *rites and ceremonies*, which daily appeared more absurd and unmeaning, as his intellectual powers became developed ; and, ere long, he said in his heart, with the fool, "There is no God." But respect for his parents and kindred, forbade him to publicly express his atheistic opinions ; and he returned to England from his tour, a Jew outwardly, and as rigid a pharisee as ever, in the eyes of his connexions.

It was now necessary that he should adopt some calling : his education was liberal ; and, as there was no physician of their own nation in the British

metropolis, his friends unanimously fixed upon the profession of medicine, as that most likely to yield his labours a lucrative return. He accordingly proceeded to Edinburgh, to study the healing art ; and there became acquainted in a more diversified, if not more extensive, circle, than any in which he had hitherto moved. Some of his associates being Jews ; some Infidels ; some nominal professors of Christianity ; and some sincere and zealous Christians. Although, for a season, he regarded the last as enthusiasts, he, after a while, could perceive they were not less happy than others ; and he had frequent occasion to esteem their moral excellence and superior worth ; and thus feel his prejudices against Revelation gradually diminished.

But there were, at this time, concurrent circumstances to produce a great and beneficial revolution in his mind : the daily sights and sounds of woe which now were wont to shock him, as he visited the hospitals, began to call forth many solemn thoughts, ' as he meditated on the various corporeal ills "that flesh is heir to ;" and the brevity and uncertainty of life, (so pregnant with wants and woes,) rendering man, at his best estate, "altogether vanity."

On one occasion, in particular, going over the wards of some public asylum of disease, he noticed a woman, of decent appearance, seemingly in the last stage of a consumption ; and asked a medical companion "if there were any chance of

her recovery?"—"None : he expected her to die next day," was the answer.—"Did she know her danger?"—"No : there was no use in saying anything about it—she might as well be allowed to *die comfortably*." Such an exit struck him as being not comfortable but *comfortless* : he felt his compassion powerfully excited ; and could not refrain from addressing her himself. She seemed surprised at hearing that all hope of recovery was over. He enquired, "if she had any relation or friend at hand, who could soothe her last moments?" She had not : all her relations lived at some distance in the country ; and time did not now permit her to send for them, with any chance of their timely arrival. Then, indeed, he most forcibly felt how desolate our condition was in *the hour of death*, if there were nought beyond the grave to cheer the departing spirit : and taking up a Bible that lay in the room, he began to read aloud from it in the hope that he might alight on some consolatory passage. He feared he did not ; for he was quite ignorant of the New Testament, and knew very little of the prophetic books of the Old, and was therefore a stranger to all its spiritual springs of healing influence. But the lesson he thus learned, of the utter nothingness of all human pursuits and pleasures, in the apartment of that expiring invalid, was not one of a transitory character.

A pious friend, who frequently visited the Tolbooth, sometimes introduced him within the walls

of that moral lazar-house : and, not long after the above event, conducted him to the cell of a woman convicted, beyond all doubt, of murder. She was an avowed atheist—defied the living God—and died with “a lie in her right hand ;” a frightful picture of our degraded condition, when sin has openly displayed its mastery over the soul. And then, too, he began to see how vain is all the power of mere ethics,—how unavailing the maxims of the purest philosophy, to raise man, when thus fallen, from his loathsome debasement. The result of all these impressions was, that (God having blessed and sanctified them to his soul) he was finally led to “search the Scriptures,” and to compare “spiritual things with spiritual :” nor had he been long seriously engaged in their perusal, when he perceived the close affinity between the latent import of the *Mosaic ceremonials* ; the predictions of the Jewish prophets ; and the historical facts, set forth as the fulfilment of those types and prophecies, in the Gospel, with respect to the advent, the life, the crucifixion, and doctrines of Messiah : and as conviction increased, and doubts diminished, he renounced the principles of Infidelity, and garb of Judaism ; and boldly declared his belief in “Jesus of Nazareth.” And then it was he saw that if many, accounted wise and learned among men, believe not, such persons have probably expended more time in dissecting a butterfly’s wing, or measuring the solid contents of a plant, than in examining the

evidences and tendencies of Holy Writ: wasting their time and strength in what, when not directed to the glory of God, or the welfare of their fellows, is, with all its human lustre, but "strenuous idleness." When this great change took place in his profession, they "of own household" were, at first, among his most bitter foes; but he had been abundantly enabled, by the gracious aid of his God, to *stand fast* in the evil day of domestic persecution; and he had also much cause of heartfelt rejoicing, in his subsequent experience of the mercies of his heavenly Father. There was one dear sister, especially, who said, in the beginning, that she would willingly follow him to the foot of the gibbet;—and of her he now had good reason to hope, that she would, ere long, accompany him to the foot of the Cross.

He then descanted eloquently on the general importance of missions among the heathen, in pleading the cause of the peculiar society whose friends were gathered together, commended to the earnest prayers of all present, the *spiritual restoration of the outcasts of Israel*; and sat down, nearly an hour after he had risen, with the interest he first excited fresh in the mind of every auditor.

My respected friend finally, as their minister, addressed the assembly in a most solemn and impressive manner, on the obligation of Christians, by every means in their power, to send the Gospel

to the uttermost ends of the earth : and the meeting then adjourned, with highly approving sentiments towards the great and glorious work in which they (humble and unworthy instruments) were called on to promote.

Having lingered at the house of a relative in the neighbourhood, I proceeded, the following day, to visit a beautiful spot, not far distant, called Kiltynan,—the only remarkable adjacent locality, although the general aspect of the country is pleasing. There is a melancholy gratification in turning off the high road, into a gentleman's domain, in most parts of my native country. With a fertile soil and genial climate, Ireland remains, from age to age, a land of poverty, ignorance, and misrule; and the eye of humanity can scarcely deny the tribute of a tear to the temporal wants and spiritual destitution of her children: for, generous and intelligent, laborious and patient under extreme privations, in vain do we seek among them for any extensive traces of successful industry, of useful knowledge, of faith exhibited in filial reverence towards God and fraternal love towards their brethren of mankind. Yet there may often be much instruction derived from seriously considering objects, against the contemplation of which the mind instinctively revolts. Generally speaking, in England the eye is not shocked, to any great degree, by the manifold miseries of the poor. The workhouse contains, within its walls, those figures of squalid penury,

and revolting deformity, which, exhibited to public view, would alike shock the feelings of the benevolent and the fastidious. "The groaning hospitals eject their dead," in secrecy and silence; and the passenger, as he contemplates one of those stately asylums of wretchedness and disease, may, in admiring the magnificence of the fabric, almost forget the condition of its inmates; and congratulate himself on being born in a land, exhibiting so many massive and durable proofs of its ancient and enduring philanthropy. But in southern Ireland, the eye is continually brought into close contact with the wants and woes of the destitute: and although it cannot dwell on them without a shudder of the heart, unless that heart be dead to every kindly feeling, still their frequent and undisguised display, speaks loudly to the soul, in the sober voice of truth: it tells us into what a wilderness sin has converted a world, in which there originally was no deformity—no decay—no anguish:—

———"None that die,
And none that weep, and none that say, 'Farewell.'"

It reminds us that we ourselves, however delicately brought up,—however blessed with health, and friends, and fortune,—are, by nature, frail and undeserving, as the hapless wretches over whose melancholy lot we breathe a sigh, or from whose haggard appearance we turn away with disgust. While the reflection that if they *repent* and *believe*,

they have, with ourselves, the same title to the kingdom of heaven; that we, unregenerate and unredeemed, are liable, with them, to the same eternal condemnation; and that, even as they are, so was the common Saviour of the *rich* and *poor*; destitute of this world's goods, while he tarried among us, "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" this reflection, I repeat, should teach us to forego all pride and vain-glory in those temporal and transient gifts, which to-morrow—

"Swift as the passing cloud of even—"

may vanish from our fond sight, and be no more seen. While the comparative patience with which, even in the absence of vital religion, we behold so many keen privations, so much pain and want endured, may well impress upon our minds the Apostolic injunction, "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."—Gibbon says, "He is little of a philosopher who mourns the ruin of a palace more than the fall of a cottage:" I think I may almost add, Such an one is but little of a Christian. Whether a thatched roof or a fretted ceiling be above our heads—whether an eastern carpet or an earthen floor beneath our feet—whether our garb be of "purple and fine linen," or of coarse texture and russet dye—whether our fare be "a dinner of herbs," or "a stalled ox"—can be of no great importance to him whose soul aspires after heavenly things; for

"where our treasure is, there will our heart be also."—Oh! how vain and unworthy is the pride of man, which exults in outward distinctions above his fellows! Is it not the folly of the butterfly, which might vauntingly contrast its gaudy tints with the dusky hues of the moth, forgetful that each must perish before the same blasts of hasting winter? Or the contempt of the worm which crawls on golden sands, towards its fellow reptile that glides through common clay?—

But to return from this digression.—

A walk of less than three miles brought me to a small arched gateway, through which I passed, and found myself in the avenue of Kiltynan. On my right, at the foot of a declivity, flowed along the peaceful waters of *Glash-aulin*,* which has here subsided into a lowland stream; and, beyond them, at some distance, parent of their infant source, appeared the lofty mountain of *Slieve-na-Mann*, the traditional scene of many a feat of *Fion Mc Coul* (Fingal) and his gigantic brethren; having its grey summit of naked rocks enveloped in a vapoury wreath of mist. The house was situated at no great length from the entrance to the grounds,—a modern structure in itself; but

* *Glassai-alin*,—pronounced *Glassha-aulin*, and, by contraction, *Glash-aulin*, signifies, in the expressive vernacular language of Ireland, "a clear and rapid mountain stream." The river alluded to has its source in *Slieve-na-Mann*, a mountain 1800 or 2000 feet high.

built on a bold rock, and environed by hoary walls and towers, informing the traveller that Kiltynan Castle* had once been a place of warlike strength and warlike note in the country. A steep descending pathway, close to the mansion, led to the river-side ; presenting, at its termination, walks branching off, right and left. The former I pursued for some time, with feelings of pleasing serenity. The bank that sloped to the water's edge was of verdant and luxuriant green ; and beautified by an orchard, whose foliage and glowing fruit met the sight in rich profusion. The towering ash, the graceful elm, and lofty horse-chesnut reared their forms, pleasingly contrasted with the lowlier fruit-trees: a swan, in solitary pride, was ruffling his plumage, and breasting the tranquil stream, beneath whose surface silver trout were seen darting to and fro: a rich valley, in "sweet seclusion," opened on the view at every step; and a heron, slowly winging her flight across that valley, in the distance; and a raven who, now and then, uttered his hoarse croak from some remote point; might seem to be the sole tenants of the woodland scene: for the day was rather

* Kiltynan Castle, the seat of Robert Cooke, Esq., is about seven miles distant from Clonmel; and, although I have often seen a more grand, I have seldom seen a more picturesque, landscape than that which immediately surrounds it. Some resemblance to the ancient mansion is still preserved in the modern dwelling-house.

chill—the heavens were overspread with damp thin vapours—and the more melodious songsters of the grove had ceased to warble, and cowered unseen in their hidden retreats.

Retracing my steps with some reluctance, and casting many a “longing, lingering glance behind,” I extended them in the opposite direction. The left hand path was less open than the one I had just forsaken: rocks, clad with ivy, rose on one side, and tall trees, closely planted, on the other, through whose intermingled branches the light shone with diminished force. But the object to which this pathway led, fully compensated for its dimness and want of diversity. At the foot of a crag, through a low natural arch, gushed, with great impetuosity, a current of water, locally called “the roaring spring,” of the most pellucid transparency; and which, neither the rains of winter increase, nor the suns of summer diminish; but in sunshine and storm, in drought and deluge, it unceasingly flows on, and mingles its pure rill with the stream of the *Glash-aulin*.

As I stood here, wrapt in meditation, the contrast of the scenes I had just explored, flashed on my mind, as emblematic of that between the ways of sinful pleasure and the ways of God. The one path was open, and lightsome, and cheering to the sight, and every object it presented to the eye, was calculated to soothe and please; but here and there a sickly hue might be faintly discerned among the foliage, speaking of a change at

hand; and in, at most, a few weeks, the sons of the forest, that reared their heads so proudly, must stand naked and forlorn—spoiled of their leafy honours;—the blushing fruit be plucked away from its parent boughs;—and the verdant grass look dank and cheerless, drenched with showers, and overspread with decayed foliage:—while the other, like many a “dim and twilight path of life,” terminated in objects which never changed;—in a rock, that like the “Rock of Ages,” trembled not beneath flood or storm; and a flowing brook which gushed from its recesses, and, like his abounding mercies, knew “neither variableness nor shadow of turning.”

These days are already numbered with “the years beyond the flood!”—The icy reign of Winter is now at hand; the face of Nature wears the desolate look of sickliness and age; and soon wood, and field, and hedgerow shall cease to exhibit one trace of that loveliness they so lately wore. There was a time when I should have regarded their changing aspect with other feelings than those I now experience; and have said, with the Jewish convert, ere he knew the glorious truths of Revelation,—“Such is the fate of man! —To-day he blooms—to-morrow withers—the next day dies; and other men follow, to bloom, and decay, and depart as he has done!” But now I can look on these mutations of nature with tranquillity and hope: I am no longer left, in the wildering mazes of scepticism, to exclaim—

“When will spring visit the mouldering urn?
O, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?”

For now “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me.” And, rejoicing in this consolation, I feel awfully impressed with the necessity of presenting the Sacred Volume to those, who, yet ignorant of its truth, are in danger of perishing everlastingly; *whose harvest is past, whose summer is ended, while they are not saved.*

When autumn's deepening shadows fall
On mountain and on lea;
And nature's fading tints recall
The thought—“How frail are we!”
When sinks the soul, 'mid doubts and fears,
And terrors of the tomb;
And pensive Memory sheds her tears
O'er forms laid in its gloom;—

When all things round us of decay
And desolation tell,
And the soul shrinks in haste away
From scenes we loved too well;—
O, how consoling then to know,
Whatever griefs prevail,
There is a God who brightens woe,
And soothes the mourner's wail!

A God who once man's image bore,
And bowed to man's estate,

Man's faded glory to restore,
His bliss to renovate ;
A Saviour who, 'mid change and chance,
Is changeless and the same—
Regards each trembling suppliant's glance,
And calls him by his name.

Then let the clouds and tempests lower,
The wild winds fiercely rave ;
Let Death put forth his vaunted power,
And lay us in the grave :
Nor cloud, nor tempest, death, nor hell,
Need Faith triumphant dread ;
Immanuel shall her fears dispel,
And raise her from the dead.*

October 14, 1827.

* These lines, originally written as an appropriate conclusion to the article which they follow, have been, in the beginning of the autumn just past, republished among the minor pieces included in the same volume with the "Visions of Solitude." Kiltynan Castle still stands as firmly as ever on its rocky base ; and the *roaring spring* still sends forth its waters as, from time immemorial, it has done. But, alas ! the blight of sorrow and death has fallen on some of the group, among whom the author passed those days which are the subject of the foregoing recollections ; and one in the prime of manly life, and one in the pride of virgin spring, have been summoned to their long home, or rather called, he would hope, from "the evil to come."

December 11, 1830.

NOVEMBER BREATHINGS.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

"The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine."

BURNS.

THERE are a few fine days which generally occur about the end of October, or beginning of November, and immediately before the setting in of winter, which, as far back as I can recollect, have possessed a peculiar, and, though melancholy, somewhat pleasing influence over my feelings. There is an enfeebled but soothing mildness in the light of day, nearly allied to the effect of moonlight; a kind of Sabbath pause, interrupted only at intervals by the call of the cowherd, or as the thunder of the fowling-piece prevails. The fields and inclosures are just cleared of their harvest treasures, and the web of the gossamer extends in unbroken and floating pathway over stubble and lea. Vegetation is every where passing rapidly into decay: and the brown breast and solitary chirp of the robin, accord well with the fern—withered and seared,—with that sombre aspect of colouring which tree and forest everywhere put on. In the appropriate and picturesque language of Scripture—"The earth mourneth and languisheth—Sharon is like a wilderness—and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits." There are a great many reflections, which not only sponta-

neously, but, as it were, urgently, offer themselves to one's consideration at this season, all closely associated with the appearance of external nature.

It is now that the labourer is about to enjoy a temporary mitigation of the season's toil. His little store of winter provisions having been hardly earned, and safely lodged, his countenance brightens, and his heart warms with the anticipation of winter comforts. As the day shortens, and the hours of darkness increase, the domestic affections are awakened anew by a closer and more lengthened converse. The father is now, once more, in the midst of his family; the child is now, once more, on the knees of its parent; and *she*, in whose happiness his heart is principally interested, is permitted, by the blessed privileges of the season, to participate his enjoyment.

It is now that the husbandman is repaid for his former risk and anxiety,—that having waited patiently for *the former and the latter rain*, “he builds up his sheaves, loads his waggons, steeks his stiles,” and replenishes his barns; that he is prepared, or at least authorized, in the fulness of a grateful heart, to exclaim—“Soul, take thy rest, for the work of the season is accomplished, and the year hath been crowned with the Great Creator's bounty.”

We are cradled on the knee of age—our earliest recollections, and our most sincere and genuine affections, are associated with the tottering step and wrinkled brow—with the venerated in-

dividual, it may be, who took an interest in our infancy; and who, amidst the infirmities and languishment of declining years, found, it is probable, some degree of refreshment in our very ignorance and inexperience. It is exceedingly pleasing to run up, in meditation, to the state of our very earliest impressions—to penetrate, as it were, that November darkness which is ever deepening over the first stage of our journey,—to live, as it were, anew, amidst the scenes, and the incidents, and the companions of earlier years—

“To mark each form that pleased our stripling prime,
By distance hallowed, and endeared by time.”

And it is over these objects which have passed away,—over the sainted images of those who have gone down to the dust, that the heart now hovers with an intense and solemn feeling! But old age is not only a subject of natural retrospection in regard to others; it is likewise one of serious anticipation in respect of ourselves.

We look back on the period of our life that is past—on the measurement of thirty or forty years, by which the field of our recollection is bounded, and we are struck, not only with the shortness, but with the ever-increasing velocity, of our years. How long to us, in early life, did a summer day of our varied amusements appear—what an infinity of pleasure, what a multitude of events, what a rapidity of transition from hope to possession, from aim to attainment, from purpose to

performance ! But if a single day, at this period, appeared to be endless, how inconceivably measureless, in our then inexperienced reckoning, was the year itself—that year made up of so many months—those months broken down into so many weeks—and those weeks, again, composed of days—every one of them so protracted in duration ! But has not every year, as it passed, taken something from the apparent duration of its successor, as well as from the actual measurement of life ? It is but a tale, as it were, of yesterday—our childhood, our boyhood, our youth ! And however lengthened our future lives may be, that period which is yet to come will appear to us, one day, comparatively shorter still. Thus are we every day descending into the vale of years—into the seared November being, with an every day increased philosophy.

This season forcibly reminds us of the mutability of those forms under which vegetable, and, by analogy, animal, life appears to us. All we perceive of nature, indeed, strictly speaking, respects her forms alone—of her “essences,” if any idea at all can be attached to the term, we know nothing. It is with “forms,” however, and not with “essence,” that we are conversant and connected. It is of little value to the being, whose form is about to be completely changed by dissolution, to be assured that the essence, or original elements of his frame, are imperishable. It is with a particular combination of substance, a form

designated "Man," that we are conversant, and it is respecting this combination that our anxiety exists. And what is the demonstration of November on this subject? It points expressly to the waste, and the "*wear*" around—to the surface of the earth, so much changed in its aspect, and invested with a new and death-like character; and it bids us discover into what secret recesses are retired those pleasing and variegated "forms," with which were associated so lately our hopes of plenty—our sensations of beauty and beneficence. And it carries us still onward, on the wings of Faith, and on *those alone*, to the "spring which shall visit the mouldering urn,"—to that eventful period when dissolution shall give place to reunion, and the affections and sympathies of the heart shall reestablish their claim over all that was once virtuous, and lovely, and interesting.

AUTUMN EVENING.

PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light!

It melts in deepening gloom;

So calmly Christians melt away,

Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf

Scarce whispers from the tree;

So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears ;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death,
Shall wake, to close no more.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

COWPER.

ALL the sounds that nature utters are delightful,
at least in this country. I should not, perhaps,
find the roaring of lions in Africa, or of bears in
Russia, very pleasing ; but I know no beast in

England, whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass. The notes of all our birds and fowls please me, without one exception. I should not, indeed, think of keeping a goose in a cage, that I might hang him up in the parlour for the sake of his melody, but a goose upon a common, or in a farm-yard, is no bad performer: and as to insects, if the black beetle, and beetles, indeed, of all hues, will keep out of my way, I have no objection to any of the rest; on the contrary, in whatever key they sing, from the gnat's fine treble, to the bass of the humble bee, I admire them all. Seriously, however, it strikes me as a very observable instance of providential kindness to man, that such an exact accord has been contrived, between his ear, and the sounds with which, at least in a rural situation, it is at almost every instant visited. All the world is sensible of the effect that certain sounds have upon the nerves, and consequently upon the spirits. And if a sinful world had been filled with such as would have curdled the blood, and made the sense of hearing a perpetual inconvenience, I do not know that we should have had a right to complain. But now the fields, the woods, the gardens, have each their concert; and the ear of man is for ever regaled by creatures, who only seem to please themselves. Even the ears that are deaf to the Gospel, are continually entertained, though without knowing it, by sounds for which they are

solely indebted to its Author. There is somewhere, in infinite space, a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy: and as it is reasonable, and even Scriptural, to suppose that there is music in heaven; in those dismal regions, perhaps, the reverse of it is found, tones so dismal as to make woe itself insupportable, and to acuminate even despair.

REMEMBERED BEAUTY.

ANON.

"A holy image,
Shrined in the soul,—for ever beautiful,
Undimmed by earth—its tears—its weaknesses—
And changeless."

Anster.

LONG years have passed; but yet, in silent mood;
When pleasure to the heart is but a dream,
And life with cheerless gloom is canopied,
Amidst my musings, when I stray alone
Through moorland wastes, or woodland solitudes;
Or when at twilight, by the hearth I sit
In loneliness and silence, bursting through
The shades of my reverie, appears
In undecayed perfection, the same smile,
The same bewitching and seraphic form.—
It cannot pass away—it haunts me still—
From slumber waking, on my midnight couch,
Methinks I see it floating, beautiful,

Before me—still before me, like a star
O'er the dark outline of a mountain steep ;
And when the glory of the crimson moon,
Tinging the honeysuckle flowers, breaks in,
Then still it passes o'er the pulseless mind,
Revolving silently the by-past times,
Quiet and lovely, like a rainbow dream,
O'er tempests that have showered and passed away.
Long years have passed—we cannot soon forget
The lightning gleams that flash upon the heart ;
Nor pass, amid the solitude of life,
Its bright green spots unnoticed, or its flowers.
Long years have passed—'twas on a fatal night,
A night of harmless mirth and revelry,
When bounding throbbed the youthful heart, and
 smiles
Played, meteor like, upon a hundred cheeks,
As if contagiously ; while sparkling lamps
Poured forth a deluging lustre o'er the crowd,
And music, like a syren, weaned the heart
From every groveling and contentious thought,
From every care. Amid familiar friends,
The lovely and the faithful, glad I stood
To mark them all so joyous.—As I gazed
An eye encountered mine—that startled me—
Sure never breathing creature was more fair !
Amid the mazy movements of the dance,
Accordant to the music's finest tone,
Sylph-like she floated, graceful as a swan
Oaring its way athwart a summer lake,
Her step almost as silent :—as she stood,

Again that heavenly eye encountered mine,—
Pale was the brow as if serenest thought,
Quiet, and innocence, alone dwelt there ;
But yet, around the rosy lips there played
A laughing smile, like Hebe's, which dispelled
Its calmness, and betokened life and joy.
Her golden tresses, from the temples pale,
And from around her alabaster neck,
Were filleted up with roses and gay flowers,
Wove like a garland round them : skiey robes,
The tincture of the young year's finest blue,
Were thrown in beauty round her graceful form,
And added to its brightness ; so that he
Who dwelt on it delighted, almost feared
The vision would disperse into the air,
And mock his gaze with vacancy.—'Tis past,—
Years have outspread their shadowy wings be-
tween,

But the sound of that fair lady's voice
Hath been a music to my soul unheard ;
The lightning of that glorious countenance,
The shining richness of that golden hair,
The fascination of those magic eyes,
The smiling beauty of those small red lips,
The graceful lightness of that angel form,
Have been to me but things of memory.
Before that festal night, 'mid womankind,
That peerless form did never meet my view,
It was to me a blank—a thing unknown ;—
After that festal night, my wistful eyes
Have never feasted on its loveliness ;

I know not whence it came—or whither fled—
I know not by what human name 'tis called,—
Whether 'tis yet a blossom of this earth,
Or long ere this transplanted into heaven !
It is to me a treasure of the mind,
A picture in the chamber of the brain
Hung up, and framed—a flower from youthful
years,

Breathed on by heavenly zephyrs, and preserved
Safe from decay, in everlasting bloom !—

It cannot be that for abiding place,
This earth alone is ours ; it cannot be
That for a fleeting span of chequered years,
Of broken sunshine, cloudiness, and storm,
We tread this sublunary scene—and die,
Like winds that wail amid a dreary wood,
To silence and to nothingness ; like waves
That murmur on the sea-beach, and dissolve.
Why, then, from out the temple of our hearts,
Do aspirations spring that overleap
The barriers of our mortal destiny,
And chain us to the very gates of heaven ?
Why does the beauty of a vernal morn,
When earth, exulting, from her wintry tomb
Breaks forth with early flowers, and song of birds,
Strike on our heart as ominous, and say,
Surely man's fate is such ?——At summer eve,
Why do the fairy unsubstantial clouds,
Tricked out in rainbow garments, glimmer forth,
And mock us with their loveliness, and tell
That earth hath not of these ?—The tiny stars,

That gem in countless crowds the midnight sky,
Why were they placed so far beyond the grasp
Of sight and comprehension, so beyond
The expansion of our bounded faculties,
If one day, like the isles that speck the main,
These worlds shall spread not open to our view ?
Why do the mountain steeps their solitudes
Expand ?—or roaring down the dizzy rocks,
The mighty cataracts descend in foam ?—
Is it to shew our insignificance ?
To tell us we are nought ?—And finally,
If born not to behold supernal things,
Why have we glimpses of beatitude,
Presented to our gaze—and taken from us ?
For thou art one of such, most glorious form !
A portion of some unseen paradise
That visitest the silence of my thought,
Rendering my life beautiful.

WHY SHOULD FRAGILE MAN BE PROUD ?

ANON.

SOON the bloom of youth will fade,
Wrinkles soon his cheeks invade,
Soon the glossy jet black hair
Turns to white with age and care,
The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
Lose their lustre, fade, and die.

Thus 'tis Nature speaks aloud,
Why should fragile man be proud ?

The fairest form, the sweetest face,
Must quickly yield to death's embrace,
Must leave the light, must seek the gloom,
Must be the tenant of the tomb.
No earthly king, 'mid pomp and pride,
Can turn the dart of death aside.

Thus 'tis Nature speaks aloud,
Why should fragile man be proud ?

The virgin fair, profuse in charms,
Whose beauty every bosom warms,
The cottage girl, and gaudy queen,
Alike must quit this transient scene ;
Must leave each glittering bauble here,
And in another world appear.

Thus 'tis Nature speaks aloud,
Why should fragile man be proud ?

EUTHANASIA.

A Tribute to the Memory of C. W.

ANON.

ALAS ! and has the stormy cloud of death
Cast its dark shadow o'er the summer day
Of Catherine's life ?—Yes, yes, it is too true !—
High in thy citadel, O king of fears,

Thy banner floats; for o'er thy silent waves
A lovely bark has sailed, to viewless worlds.
Ah, Catherine! how soon thy glass has run!
How soon the golden years of thy young life
Passed, like the pageants of an evening sky!
They were sweet flowers in the *parterre* of Time,
Expanding to the sun of youthful hope;
But soon they fell beneath the spoiler's scythe;—
Yet pensive Memory, in her "saddest stole,"
Snatches their faded relics from his grasp,
And fondly hides them in her hallowed urn.

How little did I think when last we met,
When jocund youth sat smiling on thy brow,
And cast his rosy mantle o'er thy cheek,
In token of his undisputed reign,
That, ere two moons, he there dethroned should
sit,

Beneath the pallid canopy of death!

In radiant prism of deluded hope,
I viewed thee, robed in the rainbow garb
Of all the joys of this, our lower world;
I thought that, when beneath my cypress shade,
I should be sleeping in my narrow house,
(The long grass, and the hollow desert wind
Singing my mournful requiem,) thou should'st be
The gayest of the gay,—should'st lead the airy
dance

Of pleasure—but, alas! the fatal dart
Shivered the glass,—and the bright colours fled!
Yet let me wipe the burning tear away,
And turn to yon bright heaven the eye of hope.

"Tis sweet to think that, while she dwelt on
earth,
She heard salvation's joyful tidings oft—
Salvation finished by the Mighty God
In human fashion ; and to Adam's tribes
Freely proclaimed—free as the sun that glides,—
Free as the air that fans the brow of morn :
To each sad exile from the face of God
Thus the auspicious declaration runs—
—"Believe—and to thy Father's house return."
"Tis sweet to think that when she came to stand
Upon the icy bank of death's dark flood,
High o'er its waters, that mysterious bridge,
Completed by Immanuel's life and death,
Arose in view ; and thus she safely passed
From the destroyer, and the storms of life,
Into the cloudless hemisphere of heaven.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

MONTGOMERY.

"Come like shadows, so depart."

Macbeth.

THE Diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie,
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by its Maker's eye :

And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work, in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fixed at first in solid night ;
Nor, till the world shall be destroyed,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, upspringing from the seed,
Expands into a perfect flower ;
The virgin daughter of the mead,
Wooed by the sun, the wind, the shower :
In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care ;
Trained by the secret hand, that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
It blooms its season, dies, and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,
Lends the light Nautilus a form
To tilt along the Atlantic waves,
Fearless of rock, or shoal, or storm ;
But should a breath of danger sound,
With sails quick furled it dives profound,
And far beneath the tempest's path,
In coral grots, defies the foe,
That never brake, in heaviest wrath,
The Sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
The Skylark soars amid the dawn ;
Yet, while in Paradise he sings,
Looks down upon the quiet lawn,

Where flutters, in his little nest,
More love than music e'er expressed :
Then, though the nightingale may thrill
The soul with keener ecstasy,
The merry bird of morn can fill
All nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant embowered in woods,
Coeval with their trees might seem,
As though he drank from Indian floods
Life in a renovating stream ;
Ages o'er him have come and fled,
'Midst generations of the dead,
His bulk survives, to feed and range,
Where ranged and fed of old his sires ;
Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
Of every kind, occult or known,
(Each exquisitely formed to suit
Its humble lot, and that alone,)
Through ocean, earth, and air fulfil,
Unconsciously, their Maker's will,
Who gave, without their toil or thought,
Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed ;
While through the whole, his pleasure wrought
Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God ;
Man, in his Maker's image framed,—
Though kindred to the valley's clod,
Lord of this low creation named,—

In naked helplessness appears,
Child of a thousand griefs and fears :
To labour, pain, and trouble born,
 Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight has he ;
Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
 And is a king from infancy.

For, him no destiny hath bound
 To do what others did before,
Pace the same dull perennial round,
 And be a man, and be no more :
A man ?—a self-willed piece of earth,
Just as the lion is, by birth ;
To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
 His father's joys and sorrows share,
His niche in Nature's temple keep,
 And leave his likeness in his heir !

No ; infinite the shade between
 The motley millions of our race ;
No two the changing moon hath seen
 Alike in purpose, or in face ;
Yet all aspire beyond their fate ;
The least, the meanest, would be great ;
The mighty future fills the mind,
 That pants for more than earth can give :
Man, to this narrow sphere confined,
 Dies when he first begins to live.

O ! if there be a world on high
 To yield his powers unfettered scope ;
If man be only born to die,
 Whence this inheritance of hope ?

Wherefore to him alone were lent
Riches that never can be spent ?
Enough, not more, to all the rest,
For life and happiness, was given ;
To man, mysteriously unblest,
Too much for any state but heaven.

It is not thus ;—it cannot be,
That one so gloriously endowed
With views that reach eternity,
Should shine and vanish like a cloud :
Is there a God ?—all nature shews
There *is*,—and yet no *mortal* knows ;
The mind that could this truth conceive,
Which brute sensation never taught,
No longer to the dust would cleave,
But grow immortal with the thought.

TO LIVE ALWAYS NOT DESIRABLE.

CHARTRES.

WE would not wish to live always, when we consider the state of things around us. They are subject to dissolution, and are actually dissolving. Every year we behold proofs and symptoms of this. The flowers wither, and the corn is cut down ; trees and shrubs, which survive the season, yet drop their leaves, and wear symptoms of decay ; the mountain oak, which flourished for

ages, now stands a blighted trunk, inspiring melancholy. Places renowned of old for beauty and defence, are known to us only by their names and ruins. Here and there are ruins of temples where our fathers worshiped. Of Jerusalem, and the temple of Mount Zion, of which such glorious things are said, there is not one stone left upon another. Babylon the great is fallen. Families, and states, and empires, and churches, have their rise, and glory, and decline. The earth itself is waxing old. The sun, and stars, and elements, shall at last dissolve. Years, as they pass, speak to us of the consummation of all things. Listen to their parting voice. In still but solemn language, they speak of the angel who shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, "Time shall be no more!"

And is it a thing desirable to live alway in the dissolving scene, to see the decay of so many seasons, and so many generations, and still eke out a weary life till all be dissolved?

Secondly, we are led to say with Job, "I would not live alway," from the condition of mankind. "One generation goeth and another cometh. The people are like the waves of the ocean; like the leaves of the forest they pass away in the blast, and other leaves lift their green heads." Think, my brethren, on the age that is past. The persons venerable for age and wisdom, to whom we looked up in early years, have we not also seen going down to the grave?

“Our fathers, where are they?” Are we greater than our fathers? Is it not meet that we be gathered to them? Gathered to our fathers, not scattered and lost in the abyss of annihilation. Gathered, not to a foreign land, nor to persons unconnected and unknown, but to our fathers, the objects of our first and purest love, whose memory is still dear to our hearts.

“Our fathers, where are they?” Our hearts enquire after them, and search out the place where they be at rest, and forebode lying down with them. “Why should not my countenance be sad?” said Nehemiah to the king of Babylon, “seeing the city, the place of my father’s sepulchre, lies waste?” The city is endeared by means of that sacred memorial.

A father’s sepulchre is a school of wisdom. One considers there, whence he came, and whither he is going. He reads, in humble and affecting characters, “Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return.” He says to corruption, “Thou art my father.” The garment of mortality hangs loose upon him.

Let us change the scene. They who are in the early stages of life, through which we have passed, remind us that our day is far spent.

We are attached to those who succeed us in the world; whose attention, and cheerfulness, and strength, engage and delight and assist us; and whom perhaps we might otherwise envy and grudge a little, even this transient possession. Parents are

attached by instinct; their image is renewed and their memory embalmed by children. While you learn from them your passing state, you are led by attachment to transfer the world to them, and to rejoice in their joy.

From this the young will probably look forward, and think of a time when they shall see us who now occupy the world, laid in the grave, and another generation arise. Your desire of seeing many days is natural; and if you add a desire of serving God, and of teaching wisdom to the succeeding race, may your desires be accomplished! Still it is meet to warn you that the morning of life is often clouded with pain, and darkened with the shadow of death. To warnings of mortality the ears and hearts of the young open. I have seen their resignation while the hour drew nigh. I often see you, at the burial of the dead, standing round the grave with looks of thoughtful earnest attention. You think it is a cold, and dark, and lonely house. Gladly then would I announce immortality, and present to your mind's eye "this corruptible putting on incorruption," and hear you also saying, with Job, "I would not live away."

Thirdly, we are led to think and say with Job, "I would not live away," from difficulty in the duties of life.

Favourable circumstances often attend our entrance into the world. The vigour of youth, the pleasure of novelty, conscious dignity from acting a part, pleasant connexions that are formed, coun-

tenance, encouragement, and applause; these reconcile and attach us to our duty, they induce the power of habit.

By and by, difficulties arise which gradually reconcile us to our change. The honest labourer, who earns his bread with the sweat of his brow, has found his rest sweet, and his bread pleasant, and the testimony of his conscience a continual feast; but he has likewise found, from weariness and pain, from the hardships of poverty, perhaps of oppression, that his labour is part of the curse on fallen man: he thinks with comfort of a new heaven and a new earth, where there is no more curse.

It is sometimes difficult to fulfil the demands of justice: then a Christian redoubles industry, denies himself, accepts alms, does every thing hard and humbling, rather than be unjust: it is not his least consolation that the time is short. Even in a high station, honours are apt to fade and cares to multiply. It was the prayer of Moses, the lawgiver and prince of Israel, "Kill me, I pray thee, if I have found favour in thy sight."

The details of human affairs and duties must be attended to and fulfilled; the pleasures and honours of the world must, to a certain degree, interest and elevate, and the evils of it depress us; but the conscious soul often rises above them, and anticipates a more exalted exercise. In childhood we busied ourselves with imitations of the work

of men ; and if any accident befel them we were distressed, and wept : we now think that these were trifles, and we shall one day think the same of every worldly care.

Fourthly. We would not live away, from the remains of sin.

When a Christian first gives his heart to God, and sees the beauty of holiness, and feels devout joy, he says in the ardour of his love, "I will keep all thy commandments." Even after temptation has prevailed, and made him taste the bitterness of remorse, he resolves upon new obedience with redoubled ardour ; he knows good and evil, and he will never return to folly. Experience has at last convinced him that human resolution is weak, that the heart is deceitful, that sin is wedded to mortality. The past makes him tremble for the future ; and even assures him that temptation will return, and mingle all his days on earth with penitential sorrow. His comfort is, that with God there is mercy, that Christ died for the remission of sin, that the Spirit is promised to those who ask. His comfort is, that he grows in grace, that the love of sin is mortified, that the remains of it excite him to prayer and watchfulness, that death will put an end to temptation ; then his comfort and joy will be full. Happy day ! which will conclude this mingled scene, when the heart shall no more be tossed with passions, when the power of evil habits shall be broken ; then I shall sin no more.

Fifthly. The death of friends makes us say with Job, "I would not live alway."

Friendship sweetens life; but the course of human affection is often interrupted, is often varied, is often embittered. In your father's house the heart is at ease a little, it flows out in pure and sweet affection to your parents; happy in their love and protection, free from pain and guilt, and the thought of to-morrow; you give yourself to joy, and think it is good to be here. The death of a parent is often the first sad stroke. The bright scene vanishes. Pleasure is shut out. Your first sorrow is a sacred season; sacred to affectionate remembrance, to devout resignation, to the fate of mortality. Sober thoughts revolve on the part you have to act. In returning to the world you feel yourself a stranger, and cast your cares on God, and think of heaven as your Father's house.

Youth seldom passes without the death of a young friend. Death is brought near, for we grew up together. Many pleasing hopes are laid in the dust. From the grave of a friend even the path of virtue appears dark and lonely.

The happiest union on earth must be dissolved, and the love of life dissolves with it.

Parents often survive their children, and refuse to be comforted because they are not.

A beautiful view of Providence opens. That which constitutes our greatest felicity on earth makes us unwilling to depart. The friends of our youth have failed. Such friendships are not

formed again. Affection is gradually transferred to the world of spirits. We are strangers who have sojourned long in a foreign land, and have the near prospect of returning home. The hour of departure rises on the soul, for we are going to a land peopled with our fathers, and our kindred, and the friends of our youth. The heart swells at times with the sadly pleasing remembrance of the dead. "Awake and sing, ye that sleep in dust, your dew is as the dew of herbs." At times we overpass by faith the bounds of mortality, and penetrate within the veil. Our spirits mingle with theirs.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

(From Job iv. 12-20.)

J. A. W.

THE world, in slumber hushed, was still;
The moon had vanished from the sky;
And darkness, over vale and hill,
Ruled in solemn sovereignty:
Nor sound, except the night-wind's sigh,
Came wafted to my listening ear;
When, lo! I felt strange terrors nigh,
And owned the sudden sway of fear.
Then while my bones almost I deemed
Disjointed by the touch of death;

And my heart's current failing seemed,
And scarce I drew my labouring breath;
And while my locks dishevelled stood,
And pale my cheek grew with dismay;
Amid my chamber's solitude
A vision came,—and passed away.

Dimly that spirit by did glide,
As meteor on the midnight gale:
Who from the shadowy form might hide?
What fleetness might in flight avail?
It paused a moment, while I lay
In pulseless agony of soul;
And vainly strove to look away,
Bound by the spectre's stern control.

Moveless it stood a moment's space,
Like wreath of mist on moonlight eve,
Or fading thing, of which some trace
The morning's broken slumbers leave.
I gazed—but nought I could descry
Of mien, or visage, 'mid the gloom;
Yet, ere that spirit glided by,
It spake in accents of the tomb—

“Shall man,—the offspring of the dust,
Than the world's Maker be more pure?
Or deem himself than God more just,
—God who for ever shall endure?
Lo! in the servants round his throne
No confidence doth he repose—
Angels before Him folly own—
Art thou more wise, more fair, than those?

"Yea! thy foundation's in the dust,
 'Thy mansions fashioned of the clay,
 Sinful thy heart,—'mid sin thy birth,
 Crushed by the moth—thy date a day.
 How shalt thou in his sight abide?
 Naked and frail, how shalt thou stand
 Before Him,—or thy forehead hide,
 Deep seared with shame's consuming brand?
 "Behold,—thy brethren disappear,
 Like insects in the wintry storm;
 The rainbow honours of his year,
 Forgotten with each faded form.
 Thine excellence a shining cloud,
 From morn to eve they faint and fail;
 And well may'st thou thy glory shroud,
 And 'neath the wrath of Heaven look pale."

ALL IS VANITY.

FROM "CONTEMPLATION, A POEM, BY WIL-
 LIAM VIVIAN;"* AUTHOR OF "THE CAKE
 OF BARLEY BREAD," "ESSAYS ON PRO-
 PHECY," &c.

——— Full well the preacher cries
 That "All is vanity," and asks, "What gain
 Hath man in toil and restlessness? He dies;
 His generations fail; till He ordain

* Simpkin and Marshall, London, 1836.

Their quick return, who bids the hills remain
Unchanged and changeless. High the glowing
sun

Stretches his circuit o'er this seat of pain,
And hastens onward till his course be run,
Then seeks again the place where first his course
begun.

“The wild wind from the wintry cloud springs
forth,
And southward rushes; thence returning wide
His shifting tempest seeks the chilly north;
Turning to turn again. The thirsty tide
Drinks in the river's strength unsatisfied,
While ocean rolls unfilled: the streams return
And spring afresh from out the mountain side;
Wearing again the course their waves have
worn,
And plunging o'er the rocks, which erst their
weight have borne.

“All things roll on in their accustomed round
Of ceaseless motion. Man may not express
Creation's wonderful design; unfound,
Unknown its limits, boundless, fathomless,
It sets at nought his mole-eyed nothingness,
And mocks his empty ear. What eye may see
That which before was not? Time's sable dress
May shroud, but that which hath been still
shall be,
Till mouldering ages sink in vast eternity.

Hours steal away; unheeded as they pass,
But closely reckoned when their flight is o'er.
Though motionless appear Time's ebbing glass,
Yet leave its sands a while, the form they bore,
Though short the interval, is seen no more.
Say twenty years are gone, our youthful day
Bears well the loss; mark off another score,
It alters much; another, where are they?
A broken remnant lives, the rest are mouldering
clay.

Yet not devoid of happiness these hours,
But for ourselves, would be. The child un-
grown
Pursues the painted fly, nor heeds the flowers
Which die beneath its feet; but, when 'tis
flown
Past chance of restoration, not alone
Weeps for its baffled hopes, but sees with tears
The drooping flowerets where so late they
shone
In fragrant bloom: so he of riper years
On some vain scheme intent, some hope which
disappears—

Before 'tis reached, neglects life's truest joys,
Nor heeds the happiness which may be won:
Man, the vain child whom every fly decoys,
Still follows shadows which but draw him on
Till the true pleasure of his life is gone,
And its great object missed: his Maker's hand
Though visible in all that it has done,

Is disregarded ; the great Power which planned
This wondrous globe, none see, none fear, none
understand.

ARGUMENTS IN FAVOUR OF A FUTURE STATE.

PORTEUS.

IF we admit that this life is the whole of our being, what a strange and unaccountable scene of things presents itself ! We have in that case an active principle within us, which has every imaginable appearance of being distinct from the body, immaterial, indiscerptible, and indissoluble ; yet it turns out to be nothing more than mere matter, endued with qualities diametrically opposite to its most essential properties ; it is dissolved with the body, and loses all sensation, consciousness, and reflection, for ever in the grave.

We are evidently distinguished from, and raised above, the brutes, by a variety of astonishing faculties and powers, which seem plainly designed for some nobler scene of action than this ; yet, with the brutes we perish, and all the rich endowments of our minds are wasted on us to no purpose.

We are daily making advances both in knowledge and virtue ; we have a large field of improve-

ment, both moral and intellectual, before our eyes ; yet, in the very midst of our progress, we are stopped short by the hand of death, and never reach that state of perfection, of which we seem capable, and which we ardently desire.

We are formed with ideas and expectations of happiness, which are everlastingly disappointed ; with a thirst of future fame, of which we shall never be conscious ; with a passionate longing for immortality, which was never meant to be gratified.

Every part of our constitution shews that we are accountable for our conduct, every remorse of conscience is a proof that we are so : there is a Superior, who has given us a rule to walk by, who has a right to enquire whether we have conformed to that rule ; yet that enquiry is never made.

The world in which we are placed, is one continued scene of probation. We appear to be sent into it with no other view but to shew how we can behave, under all that variety of difficult and distressful circumstances into which, by one means or other, we are continually thrown ; yet our behaviour passes totally unregarded. We perform our parts, but the Judge who has tried us forgets to perform his. Our trial is finished, and no consequences follow ; no sentence is pronounced ; we are neither rewarded for having acted well, nor punished for having acted ill.

We conceive ourselves to be the subjects of an Almighty Governor, who has given us a system of laws for our direction ; yet he appears to be per-

fectly indifferent whether we observe those laws or not. His friends and his enemies fare frequently alike: nay, the former are often punished with the heaviest afflictions, and the latter rewarded with every earthly enjoyment.

There has, in fine, been from the first ages of the world, down to this present moment, an almost universal agreement and consent of all mankind, in the belief or apprehension of a future state of existence; and yet this turns out to be nothing more than a delusive imagination, though impressed so deeply by nature itself on every human breast.

What now can be imagined more strange and inexplicable; more absurd and inconsistent; more replete with disorder, confusion, and misery; more unworthy the wisdom, the goodness, of the Supreme Being, than the frame of man, and the constitution of the world, according to the representation here given of them?

But when, on the other hand, you extend your view beyond the limits of this life, and take in the consideration of another, what an alteration does this instantly make in the appearance of every thing within and without us! The mist that before rested on the face of the earth vanishes away, and discovers a scene of the utmost order, beauty, harmony, and regularity. The moment our relation to another world is known, all perplexity is cleared up, and all inconsistencies are reconciled.

We then find ourselves composed of two parts, a material body, and an immaterial soul; and the seemingly incompatible properties of matter and spirit, instead of being intermixed and incorporated together in one substance, have each their distinct province assigned them in our compound frame, and reside in separate substances, suited to their respective natures. But though different from each other, they are closely united together. By this union we are allied to the visible and invisible, the material and spiritual world, and stand, as it were, on the confines of each; and when the body reverts to earth, the soul betakes itself to that world of immaterial spirits to which it belongs.

Those extraordinary faculties and powers of the human mind, which seem far beyond the uses which this short life requires, become highly proper and suitable to a being that is designed for eternity, and are nothing more than what is necessary to prepare it for that heavenly country which is its proper home, and is to be its everlasting abode. There they will have full room to open and expand themselves, and to display a degree of vigour and activity, not to be attained in the present life. There they will go on improving to all eternity, and acquire that state of perfection to which they are always tending, but have not time in this world to arrive at.

When once it is certain that we are to give an account of ourselves hereafter, there is then a plain

reason why we are free agents; why a rule is given us to walk by; why we have a power of deviating from, or conforming to it; why, in short, we undergo a previous examination at the bar of our consciences before we appear at the tribunal of our great Judge.

Our earnest thirst for fame, for happiness, for immortality, will, on the supposition of a future existence, serve some better purpose than to disappoint and distress us. They are all natural with objects that correspond with them, and will each of them meet with that gratification in another life, which they in vain look for in this.

Nay, even that unequal distribution of good and evil, at which we are so apt to repine, and those heavy afflictions which sometimes press so hard upon the best of men, are all capable of an easy solution, the moment we take a future life into account.

This world then is only part of a system: it was never intended for a state of retribution, but of probation. Here we are only tried; it is hereafter we are to be rewarded, or punished. The evils we meet with, considered in this light, assume a very different aspect. They are wise, and even benevolent provisions, to put our virtues to the proof; to produce in us that temper, and those dispositions, which are necessary preparations for immortal glory.

Thus does the supposition of a future state clear up every difficulty, and disperse the darkness

which otherwise hangs over this part of God's creation. With this light of immortality held up before us, we can find our way through the obscurest parts of God's moral government, and give a satisfactory account of his dealings with mankind. It is therefore a most convincing proof of the reality of a future state, that it answers so many excellent purposes, and seems so indispensably necessary to give harmony and regularity to the designs of the Almighty in the formation of this globe, and its inhabitants; and to be the finishing and winding up of one uniform and consistent plan of divine conduct. For, as in the material world, when we find that the principle of gravitation, upon being applied to the several parts of the universe, explains, in the justest and most satisfactory manner, the situation, appearances, and influences of the heavenly bodies, and even accounts for all the seeming irregularity and eccentricity of their motions, we make no scruple of allowing the existence and the operation of such a power: so, in the moral system, when we see that the admission of another life gives an easy solution of the most surprising and otherwise unaccountable phenomena; and is, as it were, a master-key, that unlocks every intricacy, and opens to us the great plan of Providence in the administration of human affairs; we can no longer, without doing violence to every rule of just reasoning, refuse our assent to the truth and reality of such a state.

INVOCATION.

MRS. HEMANS.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night !
Where is the Spirit gone
That past the reach of human thought
As a swift breeze hath flown ?—
And the stars answered—"We roll
In light and power on high ;
But of the never dying soul,
Ask that which cannot die."

O many toned and mainless wind !
Thou art a wanderer free ;
Tell me if thou its place can find,
Far over mount and sea ?
And the wind murmured in reply—
"The blue wave I have crossed,
And met its bark and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer, Have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run ?—
The bright clouds answered—"We depart ;
We vanish from the sky ;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die."

Speak then, thou voice of God within,
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me, through life's restless din,
Where is the Spirit flown?—
And the voice answered—Be thou still!
Enough to know is given:
Clouds, winds, and stars, their part fulfil;
Thine is to trust in Heaven.

PROSPECT IN LIFE.

VALPY.

FOR the proper regulation of life, it is necessary that you should form a proper estimate of it; and of that Providence by which all human events are directed. This life is a state of trial, intended, in the designs of Eternal Wisdom, to train you up to another and better world, and to determine your station in it. In this life you will be exposed to difficulties, vexation, sorrow, and distress. Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward. In the season of youth, when life smiles in the imagination as stored with pleasure and decked with prosperity, we expect an unruffled calm, and a perpetual sunshine. The experience of a few years throws a gloomy damp over the flattering prospect: the cloud of anxiety arises; the storm of misfortune blows keen and

gloomy; and we are at last convinced that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Turn from one situation to another; shift from one place to another: you will find care and misery attending your steps. You feel the evils of poverty; you wish to possess riches: if you succeed, you will be followed by the same anxieties; the cause only will be changed. Riches will increase your cares, new sorrows will arise from the employment of your property. You wish to emerge from obscurity: if you become great, you will become the prey of corrosive jealousy and opposition. You are miserable because you have no children: if you become a parent, you will be tormented by solicitude for your children—by their misconduct, by their death. You dislike your profession: change it; you will find unexpected thorns in the new path, which seemed to you strewn with roses. For all anxieties, for all evils, for all distress, there is only one remedy, *resignation to the will of God*. In the midst of the deepest sorrow, there are consolations of *soothing efficacy*. "Thy will be done."—"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."—"I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and thou of very faithfulness hast caused me to be troubled."—"O let thy merciful kindness be my comfort!" The time will come when you will acknowledge, with tears of gratitude, that the blow that beats you to the ground—that the disaster which rends your heart with anguish—were intended by the Wise Disposer

of events, for purposes of mercy and love. Thus, instead of presumptuously raising the voice of complaint against Providence because all things do not happen according to our wishes, we shall, on the contemplation of that wisdom and mercy which governs the world, "Praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men."

RETROSPECTIONS.

ANON.

"What is it, in youth, that sheds a dewy light round the evening star? that makes the daisy look so bright? that perfumes the hyacinth? that embalms the first kiss of love? It is the delight of novelty, and the seeing no end to the bliss that we fondly believe is still in store for us. The heart revels in the luxury of its own thoughts, and is unable to bear the weight of love and hope which presses on it."—*Haslitt*.

YE happy, sun-bright halcyon days,
In which my planet rose,
A morning star of hope, and chased,
Like night-clouds, all my woes.
Though ye are gone—and that bright star
In stormy skies has set,
Yet objects in your light appeared,
Which I can ne'er forget.

Oft do I see your shadowy forms,
In Memory's airy halls;

And Fancy's talisman each shade
Almost to life recalls :
But like some lovely dream that flies
Ere morning's watch is set,
The charm dissolving on my view,
Still tells me to forget.

Forget?—ah no! the sun that rose
Your first grey clouds to gild ;
The birds that in your noontide flight
The groves with music filled ;
And when, from Hesper's radiant vase,
The flowery meads were wet,
The wind that mourned the fading light,
Forbid me to forget.

And yet 'tis not to your bright clouds
The fond remembrance clings ;
Nor Nature's sylvan song that rose
Upon your noontide wings ;
Nor Zephyr's airy harp that sighed
So sweetly when ye set ;
—'Tis *one*, who shared those sweets with me,
That makes me not forget.

Beyond the portals of the past,
The morning long has fled,
On which the spell of strange delight
Around my soul was shed :
As in the fairy haunts of thought,
Her well-known form I met—
Hope's first faint dawn, that then arose,
I never can forget.

And though 'twas on a stormy day
Our loves were first revealed;
No sunny bank, no crystal stream,
Nor daisy-spangled field
Was witness; but the thunder-cloud
Its fairy signet set;
Still joys came with that awful sign,
Dear to my spirit yet.

But when Spring's latest flowers inhale
The balmy breath of May,
How blithely in our favourite walks
The moments passed away:
Each object that we gazed on then,
In Thought's lone vigils yet
Seems to look forth, through Memory's mist,
And say—"Canst thou forget?"

One happy walk—when Morn all things
In orient gold arrayed,
And the gay sons of Summer's day
Their insect wings displayed,
As gay we glided o'er the plains:—
And though our bliss hath met
A blight, like theirs in Autumn's gale,
Still I can ne'er forget.

Then how, when on the western hills
Cytheria's watch-fire glowed,
We climbed our own sweet mount, and viewed
The gossamer that rode
Lightly along the evening's breeze;
Or watched the sun that set,

Beyond his crimson isles of gold ;
I never can forget.

And when the twilight shadows closed
Upon our happy day,
How hand in hand, with bounding steps,
We homeward bent our way !—
The Moon that in her eastern tower
Her silver crescent set,
The vesper hymn that closed the scene,
Forbid me to forget.

And when, in Summer's loveliest robe,
The joyful day-star brought
That morn on which our fates were joined,
The happy vale we sought:
Our sweet parterre—our woodland walks,
Before the sun had set,—
These dear remembrances *may* fade,
Yet I can ne'er forget.

For O ! there is one little strain
Which she was wont to sing,
Though my poor reason's light were fled,
To fancy still would cling:
And like a voice of other times,
Whene'er the sun should set,
Would come upon the morning gale,
And bid me *not* forget.

“WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.”

Isaiah lxiv. 6.

R. S.

THE season of autumn is both pleasing and useful to the reflecting mind, nor is it by any means devoid of beauty. The diversity of tints that presents itself in a walk at this time of the year, is very interesting: and although we feel some regret at the departure of summer, we remember, with pleasing anticipation, that nature is but disrobing herself, to be arrayed afresh in all the beauty and vigour of another spring.

Leaves have, from time immemorial, been compared to the race of men, by both sacred and profane writers. Homer has made the comparison; which is thus translated by Pope:

“Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations on their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are passed away.”

Leaves resemble man in their number, their beauty, their diversity, and frailty.

In their number. How numerous are leaves! they are countless: so likewise are men; their numbers have been guessed at, but never accurately ascertained. How crowded are the large

cities of the world with inhabitants! What swarms of human beings, like leaves upon the trees moved by the wind, have their feelings and passions in continual agitation, excited by the various events which occur by day, that prevents them from being composed by night.

How beautiful is a leaf, even of the meanest shrub! It is full of arteries and veins, to receive the small dew that descends at night; and it shades the fruit by day from the intense rays of the sun. So the human frame is likewise beautiful. A smiling, healthy, and blooming countenance, gives us pleasure to look upon, it is the index of a serene and happy mind, as the fine shining hue of the leaf tells us the tree is growing and flourishing.

How diversified are leaves! Even in our own country every sort of tree has a different leaf. Such are the families of men, the nations of the earth. Every country has something characteristically different from another. Some leaves open very early in the spring, like the woodbine and sweetbrier; while others, like the walnut and mulberry, linger till the season is more advanced: so, many nations have arisen to civilization and prosperity, while others have but slowly and late put forth their energies and strength.

But it is more especially in the frailty of leaves that we behold their comparison to ourselves. Some are untimely blown off, even in the spring, by a storm: so, likewise, how many of the young

depart from this life; some disease causes them suddenly to droop and die; a fever, or a fit, or, although slower, yet as sure, a consumption causes them to fade and waste away. Some expire in all the beauty and strength of manhood, while others gradually lose all their animation and sprightliness, and sink into the grave.

“We all do fade as a leaf,” says the prophet. How universal is this fading. It is true some trees are green all the year, yet they fade also, although not noticed by us when the change takes place. Other leaves, although faded, yet hang upon trees all the winter, until pushed off by the new ones; and how lamentable is the comparison, that some children have been the means, through ill conduct, of shortening the days of their parents, and, as it were, pushing them out of the world. Some leaves are extremely beautiful when fading, and may be compared to the aged Christian, about whose dying bed we love to linger, to admire his calm composure, and that animation of countenance which sometimes characterises his last moments.

The trees are renewed with leaves in the spring, the human body will be renewed, changed, and made immortal, at the last day. How important, then, my young friends, is it to know that we are ripening for that state where the spring never recedes, and the leaves never fade. Every leaf that fades, or that flutters down, should impress us with the thought of the day of resurrection.

As fades the leaf in Autumn's tree,
So creatures all decay;
Both youth and beauty lose their prime,
And wear and waste away.
Have I then hope in aught but thee?
No other hope I find,
In time, and through eternity,
To fix my anxious mind.

THE CONTRAST.

GILPIN.

(FROM "THE MEMOIRS OF AN ONLY SON.")

THE Sacred Volume exhibits man under the figure of a flower—*All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field.* We have formerly admired the aptness of this figure: but, now, it strikes us in a new and affecting point of view. The flowers of the field present us with a fascinating spectacle; they exhilarate the spirits, and charm the eyes, of every beholder. These lovely parts of the creation excite our wonder by the beauty of their form, the delicacy of their texture, the brilliancy of their colours, and the fragrance of their scent: they serve, at once, to enrich our grounds, to adorn our houses, and to regale our senses:—but, after all the attention we can bestow upon them, their *frailty* is proportionate to their *loveliness*. And such are those

most interesting pieces of human nature, the children of a family. One of these fair flowers was lately in our possession:—we saw it bud; we watched its opening; we admired its rising excellencies; and pleased ourselves with the hope that it would flourish for years to come:—we fostered it with care; we guarded it with vigilance; and earnestly recommended it to the protection of Him, who had formed and fashioned it with such inimitable skill. But, after all our unavailing solicitude, and all our passionate supplications, we saw it *wither*, and *fade*, and *die*! Such was the divine will concerning us—and now, while we wander about the place, of which this blooming plant was once the choicest ornament, we endeavour to soothe our affliction with the consolatory assertion of the Prophet: “*The flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.*”

THE MINISTRATION OF CONDEMNATION AND OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

FAWCETT.

THE ministration of condemnation, and the ministration of righteousness, are terms by which the apostle expresses the Law and the Gospel. The Law is called the ministration of condemna-

tion, because, while it forbids sin under the penalty of death, its holy commandment discovers sin in every heart; and thus every mouth is stopped, and all the world becomes guilty before God. The Gospel is called the ministration of righteousness, because it *provides* a righteousness for those whom the Law discovers to have none of their own, and offers justification freely, by grace, to those who could not be justified by the deeds of the Law.

Now both these ministrations are said to be glorious; the ministration of condemnation being glory; the ministration of righteousness exceeding in glory.

The glory of the Law is inferred from the circumstances which attended its first promulgation; the thunderings, the lightnings, the voices, the smoke, the thick darkness, the shaking of the mount, the sound of the trumpet, the fear of the people, and the brightness of Moses's countenance. For the superior glory of the Gospel, an appeal is made to our own reason. We naturally conclude that mercy is more glorious than judgment. This conclusion the apostle admits as just, and grounds upon it the doctrine—"If the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory."*

The marks of glory, which attended the promulgation of the Law on Mount Sinai, were not

* 2 Cor. iii. 9.

empty signs of a thing which did not really exist. Condemnation, if it be righteous condemnation, is a glorious thing. It has, indeed, an awful glory, yet a true glory. It is the display of justice; the vindication of God's law; and the final triumph of good over evil. And, surely, that which manifests the justice of God, asserts the honour of his holy law, and assigns to the transgressors of it their deserved portion, must be glorious.

Our conceptions of this awful subject may be, in some degree, assisted, if we attend to that representation of it which we see in human tribunals. However faint and imperfect an image this may be of the righteous judgment of God, even in this shadow we see something of that glory which belongs to the substance. We cannot attend to the proceedings of an assize, without being struck with the triumph of truth, order, and justice, over deceit, licentiousness, and wrong. We see it in the most awful instances of condemnation.

Consider the case of a criminal who is tried for a capital offence. In an open court, before many witnesses, the charges are advanced against him, the evidences of his guilt produced. Men, who bear him no ill-will, who feel for his situation, constrained by the force of testimony, pronounce him guilty, though they know that the probable consequence will be death. An enlightened and humane judge is compelled to pronounce the sentence of condemnation; and, after the allowed time, his life is taken away. Now, mournful as

such an example may be, is there nothing glorious in it? Is it not glorious that the peace, the property, and the lives of honest men, should be thus guarded? Does not the law appear glorious, when it shews itself thus armed with power, and able to take such terrible vengeance on those who transgress its bounds?

Yet, how vastly inferior is the glory of an earthly judicature to that of the higher judgment, of which it is a faint representation! For, in the first place, it is on a very small scale; and, in the next, however carefully its proceedings may be conducted, they are still liable to error. The prisoner may be acquitted, though guilty; he may be condemned, though innocent. And, even if justly condemned, he may suffer while worse men escape. He may suffer on the testimony of worse men. The jury, on whose verdict his life depends, are erring, sinful men; nay, even the judge himself, though not raised to that high office without full proof of wisdom and integrity, is a fallible mortal, and not without sin; yea, the very law on which the judgment proceeds, is not free from imperfections.

Yet, under all these disadvantages, there is a glory in the ministration of condemnation, as it is exercised among men. How glorious then the terrible, but just judgment of God!

Before that tribunal will be placed, not a few offenders, in a small part of a small kingdom, but the whole world, and all the generations of men.

And how excellent, in every circumstance, will be the proceedings! The law, by which all must be tried, perfectly righteous and good; the judge unerring, holy, infinitely just; no room left for false or doubtful testimony; no darkness or disguise to screen the workers of iniquity; the sentence final, unchangeable! What an honour will then be put on God's law, when an everlasting distinction shall be made between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not!

Nevertheless, there is nothing which we are more slow to see, than the glory that shines in the ministration of condemnation. We are all too deeply concerned to be unprejudiced judges in this matter. Is the prisoner at the bar a fit person to pronounce on the excellency of those proceedings by which he was sentenced to die? Now we are all transgressors of the law; all guilty before God; all subject to condemnation. How inadequate then must be our conceptions of this awful subject, when self-love pleads so strongly against the truth! And though good men have their judgments rectified in a great measure, yet all prejudice is not taken away. If we would know the real character and glory of God's righteous judgment, we must ask those sinless angels and inhabitants of heaven, who shall be witnesses of the august proceedings. With them will be no sentiment but profound admiration of the holiness of God, and a sacred joy when they behold his ven-

geance on his enemies. In hell only are those who murmur and blaspheme: heaven rings with the triumphant acclamation, "Righteous art thou, O Lord, and true are thy judgments."

But if the ministration of condemnation be glory, the ministration of righteousness exceeds in glory.

In contemplating this part of our subject, also, we may derive some advantage from a reference to human transactions. The condemnation of offenders is an act of the legislature; but the pardoning of them is a pure act of mercy, an exercise of royal prerogative, and justly called the brightest jewel of the crown. A wretched man has been tried for a capital offence, and his guilt proved. Perhaps his youth, his inexperience, his unhappy connexions, his former good character, or his misfortunes, plead for him. But the law knows no pity. The fact is proved, the sentence must pass, and he waits in trembling expectation for the day of execution. But, by one act of sovereign clemency, his condition is wholly changed. His prison doors are opened. He comes forth free. The officers of justice cannot touch him. He takes his place in society again, as if he had not transgressed.

But this glory, amiable as it is, is very imperfect. The royal ear may be abused, so as to pardon the unworthy; or, if popular fury demands a victim, it may not be safe to save the deserving. Besides, wherever mercy is thus

shewn, *justice* is dispensed with; and therefore it cannot be *often* shewn without defeating the end of civil government. Thus limited, and thus liable to abuse, is this most glorious attribute of majesty.

But no power can control the exercise of divine mercy; and, as it does not in the least encroach upon justice, it can be extended to multitudes of offenders. Nay, it is actually offered to all, and yet justice is so far from suffering thereby, that it is, in the highest degree, displayed and honoured. For, though God pardons sinners, he pardons them in such a way as to shew most fully his hatred of sin. He provides a Surety to stand in the place of sinners, in whose person the demands of law and justice may be fully satisfied, before one transgressor be pardoned. The ministration of righteousness is full of wonder, as well as of glory. Will God shew mercy to sinners? He lays their sins upon his Son, and makes "Him to be sin for them, who knew no sin, that they may be made the righteousness of God in Him." Thus has the love of God abounded in all wisdom and prudence; so that he can receive into favour the very chief of sinners, while his holiness remains unquestionable, his justice unimpeached. Here then is a glory, which we may well admire, in the ministration of righteousness; the glory of justice and holiness; and, what is more, the glory of mercy, shining in full agreement with both.

ODE ON THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

J. B. W.

THE "sentinel stars," from the watch-tower of
night,
Kept their vigil in silence on Jordan's dark
wave;

When a herald came down from the region of light,
To proclaim the Destroyer of hell and the grave.

O, sweet were his accents,—the eyelids of morn
Seemed to ope in the east at the soul-cheering
sound;

At his words was the music of paradise borne
On the air,—and its courts with the echo
resound.

Lo! children of Adam, glad tidings I bring,
Of joy to the guilty, the lost, the forlorn;
In the City of David, a Saviour, a King,
The Messiah,—the hope of the nations is born.

From the heaven of heavens, he comes in his love,
Where the armies of God strike their harps to
his praise;

That the chiefest of sinners may join them above,
Their Captain appears as an "infant of days."

He comes,—like the sun from the gales of the
east,
To pour upon man immortality's day;

He comes,—that the wanderers from Eden may
rest,

And rejoice when life's flowers are fading away.

He comes,—the commands of the Law to obey,

And die by its sentence, that thus he may ope
To his brethren, (long prisoners of death and
dismay),

The temple of life and the “stronghold of hope.”

Hail! thou whom the isles and the gentiles shall
trust,

Believing the record—the works of my pride
I renounce:—I am silent:—and, humbled in dust,
In thy finished salvation alone I confide.

My destinies all I commit to thy hand;

My hopes on thy righteousness only I place;
On this pedestal, Lord, I for ever would stand,
A pillar inscribed to the praise of thy grace.

VINCIT QUI PATITUR.

J. A. W.

THE warrior's sword is laid aside,

The warrior's helm hangs on the wall;

His voice hath lost its martial pride,

His charger slumbers in the stall:

The arm of strength, the sinewy frame,

No longer now the soldier's boast;

He toils not for the meeds of fame,
He braves no more the hostile host;—
But all unnerved by age he lies,
The film of death upon his eyes.

Yet, dauntless, once his daring soul
Delighted o'er the earth to roam,
In quest of glory's phantom goal;
The fight his pastime, and his home
The camp—the bivouac—the bark
Tossed on the ever-foaming wave:—
But now the hero's soul is dark,—
His spirit hovers o'er the grave,—
And the last mortal strife is nigh,
With him we conquer not,—nor fly.

Where are the comrades of his prime,
The gallant sharers of his toil,
When youth aspired to deeds sublime,—
Dreamed of the escalade, the spoil,
The battle won, the laurel wreath,
And lofty rank, and fair renown?—
Alas! they long have ceased to breathe,
All nameless to the dust gone down!
And, lonely, he the wreck outlives,
Of all life's morning promise gives.

Yet, though unnerved the palsied hand,
Though beamless now the eagle glance,
And rusting in its sheath the brand
That gleams no more where banners dance,

And brazen trumpets rend the air,
And victor shouts to heaven ascend—
Think not the warrior knows despair,
Or seeks to shun the conflict's end!
No: all within his breast is light,
And all before his soul is bright.

A soldier of salvation's Lord,
His hour of triumph now is come;
Gladly he listens to the word,
That bids him onward to the tomb.
Nor Sweden's Lion of the North*
More glorious fell on Lutzen's plain,—
Crowned with the diadem of worth,
Deathless, though numbered with the slain,
Than sinks the hoary saint to sleep,
Where children round the grandsire weep.

Yes:—on that lowly couch he lies,
By kings unheeded, but by God
Called to the armies of the skies;
And though above the humble sod,
That soon shall shroud his mortal part,
No blazoned trophies meet the day—
A few shall say, "In heaven thou art,
Thine is eternal Zion's ray:"
And splendour higher far is thine,
Than lingered e'er round monarch's shrine.

* Gustavus Adolphus.

LOVE DUE TO GOD.

(From Psalm xviii.)

LYTE.

WHOM should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King, —
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
O, for a thousand tongues to shew
The mercies which to Thee we owe!

The storm upon us fell,
The floods around us rose,
The depths of death and hell
Seemed on our souls to close:
To God we cried in strong despair;
He heard, and came to help our prayer.

He came, the King of kings,
He bowed the sable sky;
And, on the tempest's wings,
Walked down serene from high:
The earth beneath his footsteps shook,
The mountains quaked at his rebuke.

Above the storm he stood,
And awed it to repose;
He drew us from the flood,
And scattered all our foes:

He set us in a spacious place,
And there upholds us by his grace.

Whom should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,—
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
O, for a thousand tongues to shew
The mercies which to Thee we owe!

SINNERS CALLED IN VARIOUS WAYS TO REPENTANCE.

WOODWARD.

SOME, in arriving at saving knowledge, pass through the deepest shades of an affrighted conscience. The terrors of God set themselves in array against them. Before this, the sinner had, like the world around him, slept on, and taken his rest. But he now starts from his dreams; and, like some criminal upon the morning of his execution, wakes only to the conviction of the sentence that is past, and of the gulph that lies before him. "The sorrows of death encompass him—the pains of hell get hold upon him." In short, no language can describe the horrors of that man who feels himself under the wrath of God; and before whose view eternity rises without hope. But these dark clouds are

sometimes big with mercy. Amidst these terrors a voice is heard to say—"Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." The sinner is given to see, by faith, that sacrifice on whom his iniquities are laid. He learns, and understands, that the pardon of all his sins is in entire accordance with the unbending justice and unchangeable righteousness of God. The doors of his prison-house are now open, and he can come forth; he can look abroad, and see all Nature smile around him; he can lift up his eyes to the pure heavens, and cry, "Abba, Father."

Others are led to seek salvation by a sense, not so much of the danger, as of the misery of sin. Persons in their natural state are ignorant of themselves. Many a man who prides himself on his knowledge of the world, is at home every where but in his own breast; and, wonderful to say, is a stranger to his own motives. His constant habit of appearing to others different from what he is, re-acts and recoils upon himself; and thus he takes his estimate of himself from the character he has established in the world. From my own experience as a clergyman, I can testify to the truth of this. I find such self-deception one of the greatest obstacles to my ministry. I find men often, not so much unwilling, as unable to take advice. And this, because the motives which I can clearly perceive to actuate them, are hidden from themselves. This is a strange delusion; nay, how great is that darkness!

When the Spirit of God begins to move, then, on such a mind,—when he designs a new creation there, and, as at the first creation, says, “Let there be light,”—things strange and unknown before are made manifest to the awakened sinner. And often does the man, who was looked up to by the world, and who sincerely thought that all was well deserved, appear to himself, by this higher light, to be the slave of inward corruption—of the lowest principles, the most paltry motives, and the foulest passions. Pride—festered with wounds, and sickening with mortifications, which the proud man would not own, even to himself. Malice—which cursed in secret, when the countenance was clothed in servility and smiles. Impure desires—withdrawn from the eye of man, and indulged in before the pure and holy God.

Such is the misery of indwelling sin. But out of this misery we have no power, of ourselves, to rise. We may hate sin, and feel its load, and pant for liberty. But we shall find a law of sin within us, too strong for all our wishes and resolutions. We shall do the very things we despise ourselves for doing; and return to those sins which we feel to be the burden of our existence. When we become deeply convinced of our weakness and wretchedness, Christ is not slow or impotent to save. The Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. And when he is apprehended by that faith which realizes its

object to the soul, there the body of sin is destroyed. He who thus believes on the Lord Jesus, takes God's remedy for the distempers of the soul, and will not be disappointed. While he contemplates his Saviour as humbled, afflicted, and crucified for him; or traces him through the cloud of his sorrows to those serenest heavens, where he still continues his ceaseless intercessions for him;—there is a power in this exhibition, which can cleanse the heart, and bring a present salvation to the soul; which can purge off the baser fire of sin victorious; and lead the spirit forth from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Others are brought home to God by seeing the vanity and emptiness of the world. Their spirits sink; the charm of light has fled; all is flat, uncheering, and without interest; and they now say of the things they once enjoyed, "There is no pleasure in them." No one who has not felt it, can tell how deep this depression of the mind may be. When the bustle which before engaged it is at rest, and when, in the centre of that dreary void, the spirit thus enquires—"Is the soul then formed only to drag on this living death? Is this the end of its early aspirations, and its vast desires? When the spiritual nature calls, is there none to answer—to fill its emptiness—or to allay its thirst? Shall men's hopes be thus ever coming to the birth, while there is no strength to bring forth? In a word, is the inbred

longing after happiness but a mockery, and a sickly dream?"

In no instance does the power of God more illustriously appear, than when the times of refreshing come to such a soul. The clouds disperse, the morning breaks, new scenes and ever varying objects seem to open upon the mind. The soul, awakened to the realities of eternity, finds room for all its energies, and motive to give life and spring to all its powers. Religion is, in a word, to such a man, like Paradise opened in the desert. Old things are passed away, and new Heavens and a new Earth arise. Such, high as the colouring may seem, has, nevertheless, been the experience of some. For Christ can suit all cases, and heal all diseases. He can cheer the drooping soul, and fill the hungry soul with good things. He is himself that substantial happiness, after which man's instinctive wishes breathe. "He that cometh to him shall never hunger, and he that believeth on him shall never thirst."

Others, lastly, owe their extrication from the ruin of the world to affliction; to some sanctified sorrow; and to none, more frequently, than the loss of relatives or friends. Our once cheerful home is now become a house of mourning. There is a blank in the domestic circle which nothing earthly can fill up, and every object to which sorrowing friends can look, repeats the same sad story,—that the desire of their eyes is taken from

them. And yet these seasons are sometimes blessed beyond all description. And many have known more happiness, even in the multitude of their sorrows, than they ever knew before. For often will that Being who came to heal the broken-hearted, seize the softened moments, and visit the mourner as he sits in solitary places. In Him the afflicted find a Friend formed for adversity. One who can penetrate the soul, and converse with all that is most intimate and peculiar in our bereavement. One who knew the object for which we grieve, better than we did ourselves. One who was himself "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." In sympathizing with Him, the soul is gently lifted above the world. It becomes the sweetest consolation to think of that blessed place, where we shall see our friends again, and fall down before the throne of Him who comforted us in our troubles. Those are "tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven." These sorrows are turned into joy: they unite us to Him who is the salvation of the soul: they bring us to that High Priest who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; and, through him, we cast our anchor within the vail.

In these cases, there is a diversity of operations; but it is the same Spirit that works in all. All come through the same Mediator to God. All unite under the same head,—and, believing in one Saviour, they bring forth the same fruits of righteousness unto God. United, not less in tempers

than in views, they are all conformed to the image of God's Son; and bear the marks of him who was the first-born among many brethren. It is this conformity to Christ, which renders the children of God a peculiar people. They are not like other men. Outwardly fulfilling the responsibilities of their several callings, they are inwardly weaned from all below. They have learned of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. They have closed their eyes for ever upon every object of earthly ambition; and now can glory only in the Cross of Christ, by which the world is crucified unto them, and they unto the world. Planted in the likeness of Christ's death, they do, indeed, emerge from the waters of that mystical baptism, into the likeness of his resurrection. But be it well observed, that the elevation of the Christian life is, if possible, still more separate from the world than its mortification. For the Christian's liberty is not a licence to please himself, or to indulge his passions. It is a deliverance from the tyranny of his corruptions; from pride, from impurity, from slavery to man's opinion, and from the fear of death. On these wings, he rises to the hopes of a brighter world;—he seeks a city in the heavens,—he stands with his loins girded, and his lights burning, in readiness to meet his Saviour,—he longs for the open daylight of that eternity, where the pure in heart shall see God.

STANZAS,

Composed at Torquay, Devon, 1836, on the Death of the
late Professor A——e, of King's College, London.

E. R.

I CAME to the lone churchyard,
When through the elm trees' shade,
The mellow light was streaming
On the graves beneath them made;
And I searched for one I deemed was hid
Among the many nigh;
His grave whose manly form I see,
With his bright poetic eye.
When last we met, beside his wife,
From childhood loved, he stood;
The lover, husband, brother, friend,
The gifted—and the good.
And if there be a dearer tie,
'Twas hers to bind it still;
She little dreamed a mother's name
Her widowed heart would thrill.
A path of toil and fame he trod;
But his spirit high was bent
To win a sunny home for her,
And unwearied on he went.
She saw him sink—the thoughtful brow
Wore a transparent hue,

The exulting tone forsook his voice,
His bright eye* brighter grew.

Again he turned—and she hid her tears—
To the work he prized too well ;
But her help by day, and at eve her smile,
Were around him, like a spell.

At last the free air fanned his cheek,—
He trod the woodlands wild ;
The haunts where once with her he played
His faltering steps beguiled.

The bowl was broken at the fount—
Loosed was the silver cord—
In vain he hoped on earth to preach
The Gospel of his Lord.

The young, the beautiful, he lies
Within the coffin lead ;
The green grass springs upon his breast,
The stone is at his head.

STANZAS TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY,
WITH A BASKET OF WAX FLOWERS.

E. K.

IF Spring had raised her joyous voice
O'er vale and mountain free,

* Professor Anstice died at Torquay, an early victim to the extreme application to study of an ardent mind ; but was removed to the burial place of his fathers, and *not* interred at Tor Mohun, as many visitors supposed.—ED.

And bade our English fields rejoice
In one glad harmony ;—

Soon had I sought some green retreat,
Where her young nurslings stray,
To bring an offering to thy pet,
On this thy natal day.

That little flower whose soft blue eyes
Gaze on the quiet stream,
Who still “Forget me never” sighs,
Had mingled there its beam,

With the pale lily’s stainless hue,
Drawn from some covert nigh ;
An emblem, beautiful as true,
Of Christian purity.

And wall-flowers too, those faithful friends,
Who watch the captive’s tower,
While every tenant zephyr sends
A token from their bower.

These first spring flowers! to every breast
They find an entrance free ;
It is not childhood loves them best,
’Mid all its revelry ;—

But when the heart is weary grown
Of court, of camp, and hall,
Deep in its shrine they wake a tone
Like some fond sister’s call.

Vain thoughts of spring!—for thee I twine
A frail and lowly wreath,

Whose buds alike through shade and shine
Affection's balm may breathe,—
And tell of hours whose joy had birth
Where nought may change or fade,
That smiles more bright when flowers of earth
Low in the dust are laid.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

LYTE.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—*Heb. iv. 9.*

MY rest is in heaven; my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
"Be hushed, my dark spirit!" the worst that can
come

But shortens the journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like this:
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not lie down upon roses below:
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy:

And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt then, and danger, my progress oppose;
They only make heaven more sweet at the close.
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land:
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it
with song.

ETERNAL REST.

BARDIN.

PERHAPS the whole compass of our language does not contain a word more productive of sweet and soothing associations than that of *Rest*! In its most ordinary signification, it brings before my mind a weary traveller, at length arrived at the termination of his toilsome journey. I think of a shipwrecked sailor, escaped from the waves, and, in the consciousness of safety, sinking into a profound and tranquil sleep. I think of the placid repose of infancy. But give me the wider range of Revelation, and say what language, except that which Scripture itself has used, shall express the ideas which are implied in it! The

shipwrecked man quickly forgets the perils of the sea, and embarks again upon its treacherous surface—the traveller soon again prepares himself for fresh fatigues—the toils of life, its corrupt pursuits, its anxious cares, will quickly leave their furrows upon the infant's brow—but far different the rest which *remaineth to the people of God*. When this corruptible shall put on incorruption—when this mortal shall put on immortality, the faithful enter into that state, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain; where they shall neither hunger nor thirst any more—where those who walked together in Christian fellowship until death divided them, shall meet again, and dwell for ever in sweet communion with each other and with God. It is a state where all that is dark and mysterious shall be cleared up, and the soul shall behold, with unclouded vision, the celestial glories of the Sun of Righteousness, where all shall know, even as they are known. It is the heavenly Jerusalem, where those who have overcome with Christ, shall cast their crowns of glory before the Lamb, who hath redeemed them with his own blood, and worship him that liveth for ever and ever. Comforted by this assurance, I can bow in resignation to the will of God, and praise his mercy, even though he strips me of friends, and leaves me alone in this world's wilderness. The heart will mourn at each bereavement, but why should the Christian continue to grieve for the departed? “I heard a

voice from Heaven, which said, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." They have been delivered from the bondage of corruption, from the "miseries of a sinful world." They have only set out a little earlier upon their homeward journey, and soon we shall follow, provided we are found ready, when the summons comes, to render up our account with joy. Followers of Christ, you may be afflicted, for God dealeth with you as with sons, and what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But let the anticipation of this happy rest cheer you amid the trials by which it is the will of God to prove you—yet a little while and the soul shall quit its earthly tabernacle, and soar into the regions of eternal day—an ever living spirit of God. Perhaps at this moment the Bridegroom cometh—prepare to meet him—there is joy among the blessed angels, says our Lord, even over one sinner that repenteth: but, O! what extacy pervades the heavenly host, when the warfare is accomplished—when the race is over—when death is swallowed up in victory, and the justified sinner, no longer militant but triumphant, enters into the joy of his Lord!

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

ANON.

SAY, why should Friendship weep for those
Who, safe arrived on Canaan's shore,

Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost, but gone before.

How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er;
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,
They are not lost, but gone before.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep,
They are not lost, but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,
By Sin and Sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

On Jordan's banks whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Saviour! convey us safely home
To friends not lost, but gone before.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.

FAWCETT.

THE word *Righteousness* expresses either a *state* or a *character*. It expresses a state of acceptance or justification. This is, by no means, an unusual sense of the word righteousness in the Old Testament. "I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not

tarry.”—“My righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation from generation to generation.”—“He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robes of righteousness.” This character is recognised also in the New Testament. “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth;” and he is said to have been made “sin for us, though he knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.” It is in this righteousness alone that any mortal man can behold the presence of God. For we are all sinful dust and ashes; and therefore could not endure the brightness of his glory, did not a sinless Mediator interpose between him and us. If we look upon God out of Christ, we shall find him only a consuming fire; for what else can a just and holy God be to sinful creatures? It is in Christ only that we can behold him as reconciled, and walk with him in love, as dear children. And when that great day shall come, which shall burn as an oven, those only shall behold his face with comfort who shall “be found in Christ; not having their own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.” Thus the word *righteousness*, expresses a state of forgiveness and reconciliation; the condition of those who are in Christ Jesus, to whom there is no condemnation, but who have passed from death unto life.

But the word denotes also a *character* as well as a state. It signifies a holy disposition of soul. And this is absolutely necessary in order to behold the face of God. It is requisite as a qualification. A wicked man is incapable of deriving any comfort or delight from the divine presence. And therefore our Lord himself assigns to the pure in heart the blessedness of seeing God, because they only are capable of such enjoyment. Thus also Saint Paul says, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." There must, in the very nature of the thing, be an agreement, a suitableness, between the disposition of a man's mind, and the object which is to afford him happiness. A man whose inclination leads him to festivity and riotous excess, will not often relish the severer pursuits of science; nor will the student delight in drunken carousals. In these things, however, there is no such absolute inconsistency, but that there might be found, in the same man, a taste which can adapt itself to pleasures and pursuits of different kinds. But there are other things which are absolutely incompatible,—which cannot exist together. A good man cannot delight in the company of profane persons, nor have a pleasure in hearing their curses and imprecations; nor can a wicked man find gratification in the solemn worship of God; much less is he capable of enjoying heaven, where that worship is holy and spiritual in the highest degree. Whoever, therefore, purposes to see God, and would not be disappointed

in his hope, must purpose to behold his face in *righteousness*: both as a justified person, accepted in the Beloved, and accounted righteous for the merits of Christ; and also as a sanctified person, renewed in righteousness after the likeness of his Saviour, and thus made meet for the enjoyment of God.

I have used many words to explain the signification of the true righteousness, in order to shew you, as far as I am able, what must enter into the determination of him who would behold the face of God. And you will remember that its full meaning is comprised in two things, *justification* and *sanctification*:* in the former of which consists our *title* to life; in the latter, our *fitness* for it.

To every man who either doubts whether he can be ranked among the children of God, or has a good hope that he is such, I would say, "Make the matter certain, if doubtful; or, if not doubtful, confirm and increase your confidence and joy by growing in the knowledge and likeness of God. It is perfectly clear what is the happiness you were made for, what is that in which your final blessedness must consist. And if the

* The former of these two states is frequently, in religious writings, styled *imputed righteousness*, and the latter, *imparted righteousness*; and it is, perhaps, from confounding one with the other, and not reflecting that though distinct, they are still inseparable, so much controversial discussion has been maintained, on these points, by good men.—ED.

true happiness of man has been ascertained, lose no time in pursuing it. There is one thing, and only one thing, which can make you happy—the image of Christ. Every day you live, then, endeavour to be acquiring more of this. You may become richer, and yet be no happier at all. You may have a great variety of what the world calls pleasure, without increasing your stock of happiness. You may be surrounded with all the comforts and elegances of life, and God may fill your belly with his hid treasure; and still you may be unsatisfied and joyless. But you cannot become more holy, more like to Christ, without being happier. You cannot see more of his grace and glory, without tasting more largely of substantial joy. Be not diverted, then, by the golden apples of pleasure or of gain, from that course, in which alone you can find full satisfaction.

And if you do this indeed, and say, as David did, with full purpose of heart, “As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness,” you may, with the same assurance which he possessed, go on and say, “I shall be satisfied with thy likeness.” For God has in store the same good thing for you, which he provided for him; so that he without you shall not be made perfect. When David awakes from the grave, and is presented before the divine glory with exceeding joy, you shall be presented also. You shall have part in that resurrection, and be satisfied, as well as he.

THE JEWEL DROP.

(ATTRIBUTED TO THE REV. LEWIS WAY.)

"We have this treasure in earthen (Greek, testaceous, or oyster shell) vessels."
—2 Cor. iv. 7.

A PERSIAN TALE.—A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea ; and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection. "Alas, what an insignificant creature I am in this prodigious ocean of water, my existence is of no concern to the universe. I am reduced to a kind of nothing ; I am less than the least of the works of God." It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of the drop, chanced to gape, and swallow it up in the midst of this soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, till, by degrees, it was ripened into a pearl, which is fixed in the top of the Persian Diadem."—*Spectator*, No. 293.

A DROP, descending from a cloud,
On ocean's foaming spray,
Enveloped in a watery shroud
Of rolling billows lay.

But He—whose path is in the sea,
Whose footsteps are not known,
Who "gave the waters his decree,"
And calls the deep his own :

The Spirit, brooding o'er the face
Of all the liquid main,
Assigns to every drop its place,
Within the wide domain.

The little drop of heavenly dew,
Though lost to sight and sense,
Protected, like a chosen few,
By special Providence,

Became a goodly jewel rare,
Such as the merchant sought ;
Which having found with all his care,
He sold his all, and bought.

An Eastern monarch then surveyed
The glory of the gem,
And placed the Pearl, its purchase paid,
On Persia's Diadem.

APPLICATION.

A chosen vessel, (Scripture saith,)
Idolatrous and blind,
Received a drop of precious faith,
Salvation to mankind.

Less than the least in mortal eyes,
To whom like grace is given,
The faithful find the *pearl of price*,
The Jewel Drop of Heaven.

The gift that cometh from above,
All who possess it know,
Is given by constraining love,
To lay the lofty low.

Exalted to the stars on high,
And near the throne of God,

See faithful Abraham's children fly
Before his chastening rod.

O! what a destiny is theirs,
On seas of wrath to roam,
And roll along revolving years,
Without a house or home.

When swelling billows in the soul
Rebellious passions raise,
A word! omnipotent control,
Can turn from wrath to praise.

And see, 'mid regions drear and dark,
The dawn of hope begin;
A window opens in the ark,
To take the wanderers in.

That vessel bears the royal gem,
All Ophir could not buy;
The ransom requisite for them,
The pearl of charity.

The genuine signet of the court
Of Israel's future throne,
When Sheba shall again resort
To visit Solomon.

From sorrow then shall all rejoice,
The blind, the lame shall come,
The chief of nations raise their voice,
And shout "The remnant home."

The Lord shall save them in that day,
The people of his flock,—

As stones upon a crown are they,
His ensign on the Rock.

For thou, Jerusalem! shalt bear
The sceptre and the rod!
“A crown of glory” shalt thou wear,
The diadem of God!

UNION OF CHRISTIANS.

WOODWARD.

SYMPATHY of mind and character unites the children of God in that mutual affection, which Christ himself describes as the peculiar badge of their profession. “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another,”—not that mere natural philanthropy, which we owe to man as man, but that special, peculiar, and sacred attachment, which flows from a renewed nature. “We know,” says St. John, “that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” If the name of countryman be, among the children of this world, a bond of union in foreign climes, can the citizens of heaven refuse the claims of so endearing a relation? If fellow-soldiers, in an earthly warfare, who have stood by one another in frequent perils, and seized with united hands the palm of victory,—if they can contract, amid the din of

arms, a mutual affection, warm, generous, and unchangeable,—shall the soldiers of the Cross be less united in their spiritual warfare?

They, too, have fought by one another's side in many a sharp encounter; they have braved together the roughness of many a hard campaign,—they have gone forth to the battle, a band against a confederated world; and if He, “who taught their hands to war, and their fingers to fight,” has made them more than conquerors,—shall not their mutual dangers and deliverances teach them to love one another, even as the Captain of their Salvation loved them?

But the heirs of glory are united, not merely by common interests, but by special ties of gratitude. God could effectually call his people by the message of an angel, or by a voice from heaven. But it is his ordinary method to make them *instruments* of salvation, dispensing the riches of eternal life, one to another. There is not time to pursue this topic now,—it leads us into a wide, and almost boundless field. But I am convinced, after much reflection, that the more we trace the vast machinery by which man is made to act on man, in the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom, the more we shall be disposed to think that the whole body of Christ is linked together by the golden cords of mutual gratitude,—so that, according to this notion, every soul in heaven will be indebted to some other member or members of the same society, for his entrance into the realms of glory.

What a delightful idea does this give us of the harmony and love that reigns among the blessed! When—down from Him that sitteth upon the throne, and sees all the fields and plains of Paradise covered with those who have washed their robes and made them white in his own blood—down—through those higher orders, who, having turned many to righteousness, shine as the stars for ever—to the lowest member of that glorious body—there will not be one who cannot rejoice in having saved some soul from death. In those regions some ransomed spirit will address him, and say,—“It was you—your counsel, your example, your charity, your prayers—it was you that rescued me from destruction, and planted me in the Paradise of God.”

CHRISTIAN AMITY.

HOGG.

OUR creeds may differ in degree,
But small that difference sure can be:
As flowers which vary in their dyes,
We all shall bloom in Paradise.
As sire who loves his children well,
The loveliest face he cannot tell;
So 'tis with us—we are the same—
One Faith—one Father—and one aim.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

VAUGHAN.

WHEN first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou
keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.
Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And Heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.
Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings among them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath its morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know *I AM*. Canst thou not sing?
O, leave thy cares and follies! go this way!
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.
Serve God before the world; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling, ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to Heaven.

Mornings are mysterious: the first, world's youth,
 Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
 Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light,
 truth,

Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food:
 These blessings wait upon them, one of which
 Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
 Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
 Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
 Which must be carried on,—and safely may:
 Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

SACRED SONG.

MOORE.

"The day is thine; the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalms* lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are all reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When Day, with farewell beam delays
 Among the opening clouds of Eden,

B B

And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL.

REV. HUGH WHITE.

FIRM without obstinacy, and conciliating without compromise, his heroism never towered into pride, nor his humility degenerated into meanness. There never was such a lofty and commanding intellect adorned with such a meek and lowly spirit—there never was so intrepid and mag-

nanimous a soul, united to so warm and tender a heart. Where else (except in St. Paul's divine Master and model) shall we find such fervent piety, unclouded by a shade of fanaticism,—such boundless benevolence, unsullied by a tinge of ostentation,—so much greatness of mind, with so much gentleness of manner,—a zeal so unquenchable, regulated by a judgment so calm, and tempered by a kindness so endearing, the overflowings of that charity without which, he has himself assured us, an angel's eloquence, or a martyr's zeal were nothing worth. Such a noble superiority to all this world's pursuits and pleasures, however splendid and fascinating, that they could not for a moment turn away his eye from God, or his soul from heaven; and yet such a patient attention to all its concerns and circumstances, however uninteresting or fatiguing, which demanded his superintendence, or deserved his care. Whoever, that was so severe in condemning himself, was so charitable in judging others,—whoever, that required so little indulgence, shewed so much,—whoever that mourned so little over his own griefs, sympathized so deeply with the sufferings of others? And where shall we find such a noble and affecting exhibition of this mingled heroism and tenderness, as in that speech, which blends the awful grandeur of the Christian martyr with the amiable sensibility of the sympathizing friend. “What mean ye, to weep and break mine heart?—for I am ready, not to be bound only, but

also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus." O, where shall we find another such example of sublime forgetfulness of personal sufferings in the tenderest pity for the sorrows of others, unless in the history of Him, who while, faint and bleeding, he was toiling on to Calvary, there to expire in all the lingering horrors of the most agonizing death, turned, in that hour of unutterable anguish, to the mourners who followed Him, and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children!"

Religion had not, in St. Paul, chilled, but consecrated, the warmth of his natural affections—not paralyzed, but purified, by touching them with the living fire from the altar: and deep and tender, as it was holy, was the love of St. Paul for his brethren in the Lord Jesus; and fondly as ever mother watched over an only child, did he watch over his children in Christ, rejoicing with them that did rejoice, and weeping with them that wept; and, to use his own beautifully simple expression, "gentle among them, even as a nurse cherisheth her children."

But the great apostle was not more distinguished by the ardour of a Christian's affection, than by the consistency of a Christian's character. He did not proudly rebuke pride, nor uncharitably declaim against the uncharitable,—he was not vain of his own humility, nor unmerciful in his zeal for the Father of all mercies,—he was not so

watchful over the souls of others, as to neglect his own salvation,—he did not hate sin in another more than in himself, or feel more solicitous for his convert's holiness than his own. With what holy, heavenly wisdom and moderation did he steer between those fatal extremes in religious profession and practice, on which so many, who are eager to espouse his doctrines but forget to follow his example, have made shipwreck of their faith or of their obedience. He prayed as fervently and unweariedly, as if all depended on prayer alone,—he laboured to keep his body under subjection, with as unceasing vigilance as if all depended on his own watchfulness,—he trusted in divine grace, as entirely as if he could do nothing himself,—he strained every nerve and faculty, as energetically as if he could do all things: He prayed—preached—toiled—suffered—obeyed—as zealously and perseveringly as if he believed heaven was to be the purchase of his own obedience and sufferings. He looked away from all those for acceptance and salvation, to the obedience and sufferings of Him who alone is worthy—with the exclusive and adoring regards of one, who knew that heaven was the purchase only of His precious blood! O! who can behold, without the deepest admiration and awe, such a devoted and holy life of the greatest of saints, accompanied with such a simple undivided trust in the merits of the Saviour of sinners!

Happy had it been for the Church of Christ, if

the life of St. Paul had always been contemplated as affording the safest and most satisfactory commentary on his doctrines, and a portion of his spirit had always rested on the expositors of his creed.

How many an absurd and how many an angry controversy about faith and good works might have been prevented, if the exalted character and conduct of the apostle had been allowed to bear testimony to the sanctifying nature of that faith, to which he has annexed such glorious promises and privileges:—then would it have been discovered, that in the mind, as in the preaching, of this great champion of the Gospel, there was no separation between faith and obedience, but a hallowed and indissoluble union, ordained by God himself, and what God had joined together, he did not dare to put asunder. His whole life, indeed, from his conversion to its close, was one beautifully consistent exhibition of the hallowed influence of that pure and powerful principle which he has himself declared to be the sum and substance of Christianity, “faith working by love.” Yes, my friends, the faith of St. Paul (and ours must be like his, if ever we desire such a crown of glory as he now wears) was no floating speculation of the head, or frenzied dream of the imagination; but an enlightened and influential conviction of the understanding, an indwelling and ever-animating affection of the heart—calm, but not cold—fervent, but not feverish; it was reverential love

towards the best of parents,—confiding tenderness towards the kindest of friends,—the fidelity of an attached servant to the most generous of Masters,—inspiring the most profound veneration for His character,—the most cheerful obedience to His commands,—the most affectionate zeal for His glory: it was a firm trust in Almighty power and divine promises, a realizing anticipation of expected glories, which triumphed alike over the world's fascination and its fear: it was gratitude for love that passeth knowledge, and blessings that transcend all praise; a gratitude too deep and too intense to be satisfied with the language of thanks, however cordial, or the songs of adoration, however rapturous; a gratitude that struggled to express its overpowering and unutterable feelings by the only means within its reach, the devotion of the whole soul to the great Father of spirits—the consecration of the whole life to the God of his salvation.

With him, indeed, in all the comprehensive fulness of that phrase, so brief in expression, but so boundless in spirit, to live was Christ; and we may estimate the constraining influence unceasingly exercised over the heart and life of St. Paul, by that one reflection, *He died for me!* He seems never, for an instant, to have lost sight of Him who met him on the way to Damascus,—the glory of that great light from heaven appears for ever shining round about him,—the accents of that divine voice for ever sounding in his ears.

like the prophet's servant, he beholds himself, in his high warfare against sin and Satan, encompassed with a glorious array of more than mortal strength, the armies of the living God, followed, wherever he went, in his heaven-appointed journeys, by hosts of angels, rejoicing over the sinners that repented at his preaching. And this flings an air of unspeakable grandeur around him: he stands forth so clearly accredited as the ambassador of Jehovah, commissioned with a message of mercy to a lost world; there is stamped on his character such a visible impress of the divine image; there breathes in his language such inspiration from on high—the voice of the Spirit of God; so much of the simple majesty of truth; the sublime rapture of devotion; and when, in his addresses to his beloved converts, the inmost recesses of his soul are thrown open to our view, we behold a peace so profound—a hope so triumphant—a joy so unspeakable and full of glory—an eye so fixed on God—a heart so resting in heaven—a spirit so wrapt in eternity; that while we gaze in ardent admiration of his heavenly character, encircled with such a bright halo of celestial splendour, we are too apt to forget, that, instead of merely looking on it for a moment, as a lovely picture, giving it the heartless tribute of our praise, and then hurrying past to lose all recollection of its divine features amid the business and amusements of an ensnaring and polluting world, we are bound by the most solemn obligations, and invited by

the most persuasive motives, to study it attentively, and copy it faithfully—to be followers of him, as he also was of Christ.

THE BLESSED.

ANON.

AH! who are the blessed? of whom we can say
That their pleasures are pleasures indeed;
Ah! where are the honours that never decay,
And the joys that shall never recede?

The world and its fashions are hastening away,
Its children pass on to the tomb;
Its honours, though brightly they shine for a day,
Shall quickly be lost in a gloom.

Truly blessed are they who have learned to know
The sound of the message divine;
Through the chill vale of Achor, they feel as they go
The radiance of Deity shine.

Their bodies shall slumber in Jesus awhile,
'Till the trumpet resounds through the sky:
Then bursting the fetters of death, with a smile,
They shall enter the mansions on high.

The change how transporting, no language can
tell,
When nothing remains to deplore;

When bodies that once were polluted and frail
Are frail and polluted no more.

ISABEL.

E. K.

I SAW her in her early youth,
A thing all life and glee,
With her glad dark eyes, and her radiant brow,
And her voice of melody.

Hers was a warm and childlike heart,
With such a mind as threw
A glow of sunshine where it dwelt,
And hope for ever new.

And deep within her soul there lay
A fount of feeling strong;
And hers, with all its joy and pain,
Was the charmed gift of song.

I thought e'en such a one might be
The wife that Ascham drew,
The friend, the fairy, or the page,
The beautiful and true.

We met once more—a few short years
Of grief had o'er her flown;
And, 'mid the careless and the gay,
Her spirit dwelt alone.

On the same loving eyes I looked,
But their beam was overcast;
And the smile that lit her tranquil face,
Was for thought of bright days past.

Yet seemed she lovely as the star
That gems the brow of even,
The first 'mid lengthening shades to tell
Of light and peace in heaven.

STANZAS ACCOMPANYING A SKETCH OF
THE *PRA DEL TOR*.

"This place is a hollow, environed with mountains, situated near La Vacchera. It was here that the Vaudois retreated during the fiercest heat of persecution, and here their *Barbes* (or Pastors) maintained the college in the cavern, where they prepared those destined for the ministry. The surrounding rocks bear the resemblance of a strong line of fortifications."—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches*.

FOR thee, Maria, I have traced
The outlines of an Alpine vale,
Whose story ne'er will be effaced
From hearts that once have heard the tale.
'Twas the last stronghold of the brave and free,
The rallying point of their chivalry;
Where the Barbes of old made their college hall,
'Mid the rock and the foaming waterfall;
And watched, with faith that might not falter,
Truth's holy light,

Through the dreary night,
As it burned on their mountain altar.

There rose the Christian's triumph song,
And swelled those castle-crag along;
While the purple of Rome was deeply dyed
In the blood of the martyrs by their side;
And woman's wail was mingled there,
With the battle-shout, and the breath of prayer;
And the Book of Life its treasures shed,
Among the dying and the dead.
The men of the valleys fought nobly on;
And the meed, by their deeds of valour won,
Was a home—where the eagle builds her nest;
A shrine—where the sunbeams never rest;
A hope—that the patriot's crown might be
The crown of immortality.
Their name has come down with its glorious light,
Embalmed in *His* love who gave
To their heart *His* warmth, to their arm *His* might,
And victory o'er the grave.

STANZAS COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT.

Torquay, Devon, 1836.

E. K.

O, WOULD ye were gazing with me this night,
On the scene before me spread—

The beacon light, like a quiet star,
Its ray on the waves has shed.

And o'er our hill the harvest moon
Is risen broad and clear;
There is not a passing sound to tell
That the haunts of men are near.

But many a boat at its moorings lies,
Dark in the flood of light;
So deep round the bay the shadows fall,
Not a ripple seems stirred to-night.

The voice of the sea was never hushed!
It comes with measured sound,
Steadily booming on the shore,
And the rocks stand listening round.

Through its ancient woods the abbey* shews
A dim and silvery gleam—
I would not change an hour like this
For the morning's brightest beam.

The God of Peace round His sleeping world
His wings has folded nigh;

* Tor Abbey;—the seat of the ancient Devonshire family, Cary of Tor Abbey. Vide Burke's History of the Commoners, and Prince's Worthies of Devon. A rude engraving of the original edifice may be found in Dugdale's Monasticon, portions of which, both habitable and in ruins, adjoin the manor-house, a building itself some two centuries old.—ED.

As a father mourns o'er an erring child,
Who dreams not he is by;—

And thinks of all that once he was,
Ere the work of sin was wrought;
And yearns for the day when home once more
The strayed one shall be brought.

DIES IRÆ.

(Imitated.)

J. A. W.

THE Day of Wrath! the day of gloom,
When lightning shall the world consume,
As royal David witness bore,
With Rome's pale prophetess of yore.*

How awful then must be the dread,
When He who comes to judge the dead,
Shall every hidden sin unfold,
—Or present, or of days of old.

The trumpet, sending forth its sound,
Shall wake the sepulchres around,

* “David testâ cum Sybillâ.”—It is said that, according to Sybilline prophecy, there was a belief among the ancient Romans that the world should be destroyed by fire.

Through the wide earth, and to the throne
Call myriads, wakened by its tone.

Then Death and Nature, in amaze,
Shall on that scene of wonder gaze,
When, rising from the grave so drear,
All nations stand, their doom to hear.

Then, too, the Books shall open lie,
In which the deeds of low and high,
Alike recorded, meet His view,
With whom we, trembling, have to do.

Seated aloft on His high throne,
Each secret shall the Judge make known;
While sins, long shrouded in the night,
Vainly elude His piercing sight.

How wretched then must I appear!
What saint, what prophet, in my fear,
Shall I invoke, when scarce the just
May in redeeming mercy trust!

O, King of Majesty divine,
Who savest those thou callest thine,
By power of grace,—O, save Thou me,
Source of all good, to whom I flee!

Remember, O, my Saviour-God,
For me Thou hast in anguish trod
This world of sin, which scorned thy sway—
O, spurn me not in that great day!

Weary, Thou hast thy suppliant sought—
His ransom with thy Cross hast wrought:
O, let not this, thy labour, prove
In vain, Thou mighty God of love!

Just Judge of vengeance, ere too late,
Shew pity to my hapless state!
Remit and cancel every sin,
Ere thy dread Day of Wrath begin!

Guilty, I groan with culprit fear;
Shame's blushes on my cheek appear;
Spare me, O God! O, spare awhile
The wretch that supplicates thy smile.

Thou who hast Mary's sins absolved,
And heard the Thief that on Thee called,
On me Thy beams of hope divine,
On me, a contrite rebel! shine.

All worthless though my prayers may be,
Do Thou benignant prove to me;
Nor in the everlasting flame
Consume thy child, who owns his shame.

Among the sheep at thy right hand,
O, place me! nor condemn to stand
Amid the outcast flock thy son,
Who mourns the evil he has done!

While to accursed fires of woe
The wicked shall for ever go,

With voice of blessing, cheer and call
The captive, freed from Satan's thrall.

Suppliant and prostrate, lo! I pray:
Like ashes crushed, amid dismay,
My heart to Thee, I trembling bring,—
Spare me in death, my God,—my King!

The Day of Wrath!—that day of gloom,
When from the dust, and from the tomb,
Frail men to judgment shall arise,—
Spare him, good Lord of earth and skies!

STANZAS WRITTEN ON BRENT-TOR
CHURCH, DARTMOOR, DEVON.

July 7, 1837.

J. A. W.

It stands alone,—that olden fane,
High raised to meet the moorland storm,
And dark above the lonely plain,
Uprears its venerable form.
Where erst the beacon-fire, with blaze
Of lurid red, dispelled the night,
Its rude walls meet the wanderer's gaze,
Its towers detain the stranger's sight.

As dim tradition tells the tale,
In days of eld,—forgotten now,

D D

A mariner, amid the gale,
Plighted to Heaven his solemn vow:
And grateful for his mercies past,
And for deliverance in that hour,
Reared on yon tor, of granite vast,
That lowly pile, with darksome tower.

And there the wintry blast it braves,
The pelting rain, the drifting snows;
And when the thunder tempest raves,
Scathless its humble front still shews;
While 'neath its roof shines forth a light,
That makes all lights of Nature dim,
The lamp of God set on a height,
To guide each wanderer home to him.

O many a tower of haughty pride
Has since by war been overthrown;
And many a hall left nought beside
Some broken shaft, or mossy stone:
The wise, the noble, and the brave,
Have, with their mansions, passed away,
While here, beside the peasant's grave,
Old fane,—thy walls resist decay.

'Tis thus, O Lord, above the waste
Of sin and death, thy temple stands,—
High amid stormy tempest placed,
That pile unbuilt by human hands.
And long and loud has been the strife
Of Satan, and the sons of guile,

To rend that holy place of life,
To lay in dust that sacred pile.

But still alone,—in simple might,
Undecked by outward pomp of art,
It glads the Christian's aching sight,
It cheers the Christian's aching heart.
Nor time,—nor chance,—nor human power,
Nor fiends of darkness, shall prevail,
To smite that heavenward beacon-tower,
Which guides the wanderer through the gale.

Land of my sires, e'en so may'st thou
On Christ, the Rock of Ages, long
Behold thy Church, though menaced now,
Sure founded,—sanctified, and strong.
Stedfast, whate'er the tempest strife
That fain would its foundations shake,—
The portal of eternal life,
Preserved for thy Redeemer's sake.

The blood of martyrs has been shed,
That ancient Church's walls to found;
Why should their sons, in madness led,
E'er seek to raze them to the ground?
Lord of all might, thy power impart
Aside to turn such evil day!
Thy temple build in every heart,
And be thy grace our only stay.*

* Brent-tor, or the Burning Tor, is an abrupt and striking elevation, on Dartmoor, between Tavistock and

HYPOCRISY.

FAWCETT.

IT would be difficult to point out the different shades and degrees in which hypocrisy exists, and the various forms which it assumes. So various are these forms, that if we take the most remote of them, we shall find men brought by the

Lydford; in remote times, judging by its name, a beacon-station. The antique and rude church of granite, which crowns its summit, and, at a distance, appears a pinnacle of the rock itself, is of unknown date and origin. The tradition of its having been built by a mariner, in gratitude of deliverance from shipwreck, is the current one; but, probably, its elevated site was really chosen to render it, while built for a house of prayer, at the same time subservient to the purpose of a landmark,—a very needful object in snowy and stormy weather at the present day, and far more so, when roads ‘there were none,’ on the wild and solitary waste above which it towers. Sincerely, though he trusts without bigotry, attached to the Church of England himself, the writer hopes his Christian brethren, even of other denominations, can enter into his feelings on beholding a place of Christian worship (where God’s word is read, and the atoning mercies of a Redeemer pleaded, each Sabbath, in prayer) on a height named after the idol of our forefathers,—the thunder-wielding Thor,—whose memory is thus associated with many a similar eminence in the West of England, and on which, it is possible, his votaries have, ere now, invoked his imaginary power in superstitious awe.

same hypocrisy to opposite extremes in conduct: some hypocritically professing more religion than they really possess, others hypocritically concealing the religious convictions which they feel; some engaging in religious duties for which they have no relish to obtain praise from men, others, for the sake of this same praise from men of a different description, not venturing on those religious duties to which conscience urges them. Nay, in the very same person, both these opposites will often be combined; and he will sometimes be more and sometimes less religious than the pure consideration of conscience towards God would lead him to be, according to the nature of the *duty before him*, or the *character of the persons with whom he is*. Some duties are fashionable, and these have many advocates; others are singular, and these few will venture to perform, because they have not the sanction of the world. So to be religious, *in religious company*, is no hard matter; and many a man then discovers what an excellent thing religion is, who in other company is a very different character.

Of the many that attend public worship, few, perhaps, have family worship in their own houses; and, perhaps, fewer still will venture to introduce religious discourse into ordinary conversation. There are some religious acts which are popular, these many will do; but there also irreligious practices which are popular, these they will do also.

We must be like other people, is a very common

expression with such persons; but let them understand that, if they would be religious to any purpose, they must, in many things, not be like other people. Saint Paul has said, "Be not conformed to this world;" and those who dare not openly profess Christ, nor go any further in religion than the world will allow them, will find, at last, that the fear of God which is taught by the precepts of man, is nothing better than hypocrisy in God's esteem, and will be treated as such in the great day.

In considering the temptations which lead to hypocrisy, it may be proper to observe that the character is generally formed by circumstances. Perhaps few instances could be found, of men deliberately determining on a system of hypocrisy in the beginning of their course; but, either from the desire of esteem, or the fear of reproach, their religion is gradually moulded into a conformity with that of the world around them;—or else, peculiar circumstances betray them into grosser instances of hypocrisy. The temptations which have most frequently produced this mournful effect, are such as the following.

A hasty profession of religion often proves a temptation to this sin. A young person, brought up among religious friends, hearing much of religion, and finding it approved, and being bound in duty to join in many religious exercises, may be led to estimate his own character and attainments too highly; to consider some good impres-

sions and feelings as the marks of conversion ; and, in consequence of this, to make a more distinct profession of godliness, and to desire to be looked upon as decidedly pious. The character, being thus assumed, must be kept up ; and is sometimes kept up in forms and phrases, when, in the temper and general conduct, it is wofully denied. This is, indeed, delicate ground. We are not to discourage young beginners from avowing their love of the truth. We are not to make them afraid of witnessing a good confession. On the contrary, we should warn them against being ashamed of Christ, and encourage them to confess him before men. But though they should be ready to give every man a reason of the hope that is in them, we should instruct them to do it *with meekness and fear*. We should caution them against rash professions, which often end in looking back, after they have put their hand to the plough, and thus shewing themselves not fit for the kingdom of God. We should admonish them to count the cost, and not to begin to build till they have good reason to believe they can finish ; for, perhaps, no source is more productive of hypocrisy in the end, than hasty professions in the beginning.

Another source of hypocrisy is enthusiasm. This may appear to be quite the reverse. The feelings of enthusiasts are, it may be said, real, though deluded ; and the very excesses to which they are led seem a pledge for their sincerity,

and may be thought to prove that, though mistaken in judgment, they are, at least, upright in principle. But experience proves that there is often a great measure both of real enthusiasm and real hypocrisy in the same characters. At first, indeed, the enthusiasm is comparatively pure and unmixed. But enthusiasts have generally their followers and admirers; and the desire of distinction among these will lead them to extravagant pretensions to divine communications, which they partly believe, through a heated imagination, and partly exaggerate, through hypocrisy and love of applause. Hence the existence of such characters as a Boccold and a Muncer in former times, and a Southcote in our own.

Another very common cause of hypocritical profession, is the desire of compensating for some secret sin. A man, not without conscience, nor destitute of regard to religious character, is the slave of some lust. This is a bosom, a beloved sin. Part with it he cannot. It is dear to him as a right hand, or a right eye. What will he do then? Why, he will make compensation for it. His beloved indulgence he cannot forego; but he will be doubly assiduous in all other duties of religion. He will give more alms, attend the ordinances of religion more duly, and join the company of religious people. Alas, vain man! As long as that one sin of thine remains unmortified, thou hast no real religion; and therefore these outward expressions of it are nothing else

than hypocrisy. Multiply them as much as thou pleasest, they are but so many hypocritical pretences. One thing is needful,—the sacrifice of thy bosom sin; which, as long as it is cherished, must be an insuperable bar of separation between thy soul and God. In vain dost thou please thyself with thy duties, for God does not accept them; and still more vainly dost thou try to bolster thyself by high doctrines. In vain dost thou try to comfort thyself with the persuasion, that those who are once in a state of grace, are always in a state of grace, and that the elect cannot finally perish. I do not now stop to enquire whether these doctrines are true. Let it be granted that they are so, and that they convey wholesome nourishment to those who are sound in faith and charity; to thee they are deadly poison; they serve to harden thy heart, and to embolden thee to go on prating about religion, decrying legal doctrines, and speaking high-swalling words of vanity, about salvation by grace and faith, when, all the while, thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, because thy heart is not right in the sight of God.

Again, the times in which a man lives have often a great influence in producing a certain appearance of religious conduct, without a corresponding inward measure of religion. At different periods, the temptation this way will be of different kinds. In the times of Oliver Cromwell, the fashion of the day led to a canting religious

phraseology; which species of hypocrisy was afterwards remembered with so much disgust that the nation fell into the opposite extreme, and the very mention of religion was almost exploded. In our times, a happier and a nobler taste prevails; and we behold, with joy, numerous religious institutions, highly calculated to promote the glory of God and the everlasting glory of mankind, supported by very general contributions, and encouraged by almost universal approbation. Such a fact we cannot contemplate without the sincerest pleasure; and we wish the contributors to the Bible Society, to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and to the various Missionary Societies, were ten times more numerous than they are. But, I ask, can we, from the general approbation of these institutions, fairly estimate the degree in which real personal religion prevails? Can we confidently conclude, that concern for spreading the Bible is the genuine expression of love for the Bible? Are the lives of those who give the Bible away regulated by that Holy Volume which they do so well in dispersing? Are none actuated in this thing by a less pure motive; by the mere influence of fashion, or a secret desire of credit? As the friend of the Bible Society, I wish you to support it; and as the friend of your immortal souls, I wish that support to be from the pure principle of love to God and man, unmixed with any baser considerations. And what I say of the Bible Society, I say also of Missionary

Societies. How gladly do I see some of you contributing as annual subscribers to this good work; others forming associations for smaller weekly payments; and with joy I remember your liberal congregational collections. But I must, in faithfulness, remind you that all this, nay, a hundred times more than all this, is nothing, unless it be the genuine fruit of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and love to the souls of your fellow-creatures. No action is truly religious unless it proceeds from these principles; and the most splendid work, if done to obtain praise from men, or to procure the credit of religion, is but an act of hypocrisy.

Endeavour then to put men entirely out of sight; care not, in any duty which you perform, or in any course of conduct on which you are deliberating, what men will think or say, but what God requires, and what will please him. Let your *private duties* ever keep pace with your *public exertions* in the cause of truth; that you may not appear outwardly splendid in showy performances, while inwardly meagre in faith, hope, and love. Let not your religion be a set of insulated acts, but a living principle,—a faith which worketh by love. Pray for the increase of this faith continually. It is the sight of Jesus, full of grace and truth, full of mercy and love, which is to win your hearts to love Him, and to make you zealous of good works. Pray that you may daily increase in this knowledge of Jesus Christ, that

the eyes of your understanding may be enlightened to comprehend what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Then sin will be sweetly overcome, and corrupt motives of doing good will be superseded by purer and better motives. When you truly believe, human praise will appear to you a poor reward of good works; you will seek a richer recompence, even the praise which cometh of God only. Content with the approbation of your God and Saviour, you will pursue your even course through evil report and good report, through honour and dishonour; and, while the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment; while the hope of the hypocrite shall be as a spider's web, and his house, built on the sand, shall fall; your faith and profession, founded on a rock, shall stand and be established; your peace shall abound; you shall go from strength to strength; and your path shall be "as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

STANZAS.

(From Revelations vii. 13, 14.)

J. A. W.

WHO are they with robes so white—
White as the foam of a stormy sea?

Who are they with robes so bright—

Bright as the cherubim's looks may be?—
In the highest heaven their place who hold,
Where the planets roll beneath their feet,
And raise their hymns to harps of gold,
Around Jehovah's judgment-seat?

They are those who have been tried

In tribulation sad and long,
But have washed their robes in the crimson tide
Of the Lamb of God who is their song.

Those are they who, while on earth,

Were sore oppressed and much despised,
But who have found, in their second birth,
That peace which they through all had prized.

PRIDE LAMENTED.

ANON.

OFt have I turned my eyes within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.

There, with a thousand arts, she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise;
To make a guilty, wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.

She hides my follies from my eyes;
She lifts my virtues to the skies;

And, while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.

Rend, O my God! the veil away;
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.

So shall humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine;
And God—the condescending God—
Make it his Spirit's loved abode.

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

BARTON.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I give to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
O look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
May indeed thy coffers fill;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded
But vain gauds which pass away;

Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express.
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow;
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treacherous sands below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night;
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light:—

But when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon, in gentle splendour,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes? But gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between,
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way;

●

Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Time? A river flowing
To eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are going,
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream;
Few,—too few, its progress noting,
'Till it bursts and ends the dream.

What is Death? asunder rending
Every tie we love so well?
But the gate to life un-ending,
Joy in heaven! or woe in hell!

Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight?
Estimate thy own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

SUPERIORITY TO THE WORLD.

ANON.

AH! why should this immortal mind,
Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,
And never, never rise?

●

Why thus amused with empty toys,
And, soothed with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies?

The mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.

The world employs its various snares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
And chained to earth I lie:
When shall my fettered powers be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly?

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul—O, could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below!
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say to every tempting snare,
“Heaven calls, and I must go.”

Heaven calls, and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched, lingering heart!
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

CAUSES OF FEMALE INFLUENCE.

SANDFORD.

TIME is, in many ways, a reformer. It produces the same kind of change in the opinions of men as familiarity does in their feelings; it has a tendency to do away with superstition, and to reduce every thing to its real worth.

It is thus that the remains of the feudal system are every where disappearing,—that there is so much less of chivalrous feeling than there once was,—and that men act now, not so much from impulse, as from conviction.

It is thus, also, that the sentiment for women has undergone such a change. The romantic passion, which once almost deified her, is on the decline; and it is by intrinsic qualities that she must now inspire respect. There is less of enthusiasm entertained for her, but the regard is more rational, and, perhaps, equally sincere; since it is in relation to happiness that she is principally appreciated.

Domestic comfort is the chief source of her influence, and the greatest debt society owes her; for happiness is almost an element of virtue, and nothing conduces more to improve the character of men than domestic peace. A woman may make a man's home delightful, and may thus

increase his motives for virtuous exertion. She may refine and tranquilize his mind,—may turn away his anger, or allay his grief. Her smile may be the happy influence to gladden his heart, and to disperse the cloud that gathers on his brow. And she will be loved in proportion as she makes those around her happy,—as she studies their tastes, and sympathizes in their feelings. In social relations adaption is therefore the true secret of her influence.

Where want of congeniality impairs domestic comfort, the fault is generally chargeable on the female side; for it is for woman, not for man, to make the sacrifice, especially in indifferent matters. She must, in a certain degree, be plastic herself if she would mould others. And this is one reason why very good women are sometimes very uninfluential. They do a great deal, but they yield nothing; they are impassible themselves, and therefore they cannot affect others. They proceed so mechanically in their vocation, and are so frigid to every thing beyond it, that their very virtue is automatical, and is uninteresting, because it appears compulsory. Negative goodness, therefore, is not enough. With an imperturbable temper, a faultless economy, an irreproachable demeanour, a woman may be still far from engaging, and her discharge of family relations be compatible with much domestic dullness. And the danger is, lest this dryness alienate affection which sympathy might have secured,

and nullify an influence which might otherwise have been really beneficial. To be useful, a woman must have feeling. It is this which suggests the thousand nameless amenities which fix her empire in the heart, and render her so agreeable, and almost so necessary, that she imperceptibly rises in the domestic circle, and becomes at once its cement and its charm.

If it be then really her aim, to increase her hold on the affections, and to mature the sentiment which passion may have excited, let her not forget that nothing conduces more to these results than congeniality. Perhaps conjugal virtue was never more aptly panegyricized than in the following eulogy on a matron of the last century:—"She was a lady of such symmetrical proportion to her husband, that they seemed to come together by a sort of natural magnetism."

Domestic life is a woman's sphere, and it is there that she is most usefully as well as most appropriately employed. But society, too, feels her influence, and owes to her, in great measure, its balance and its tone. She may be here a corrective of what is wrong, a moderator of what is unruly, a restraint on what is indecorous. Her presence may be a pledge against impropriety and excess, a check on vice, and a protection to virtue.

And it is her delicacy which will secure to her such an influence, and enable her to maintain it. It is the policy of licentiousness to undermine

what it cannot openly attack, and to weaken by stratagem what it may not rudely assail. But a delicate woman will be as much upon her guard against the insidious as against the direct assault, and will no more tolerate the inuendo than the avowal. She will shrink from the licentiousness which is couched in ambiguous phrase or veiled in covert allusion, and from the immorality which, though it may not offend the ear, is meant to corrupt the heart. And though a depraved taste may relish the condiments of vice, or an unscrupulous palate receive them without detection, her virtue will be too sensitive not to reject the poison, and to recoil spontaneously from the touch.

Delicacy is, indeed, the point of honour in woman. And her purity of manner will ensure to her deference, and repress, more effectually than any other influence, impropriety of every kind. A delicate woman, too, will be more loved, as well as more respected, than any other; for affection can scarcely be excited, and certainly cannot long subsist, unless it is founded on esteem.

Yet such delicacy is neither prudish nor insipid. Conversation, for instance, is one great source of a woman's influence; and it is her province, and her peculiar talent, to give zest to it. She is, and ought to be, the enlivener of society; if she restrains impropriety, she may promote cheerfulness; and it is not because her conversation is innocent that it need therefore be dull. The sen-

timent of woman contributes much to social interest: her feeling imparts life, and her gentleness a polish.

It is not, however, by effort that she will succeed, nor by mere volubility that she will render herself agreeable. Some women seem to think time lost when they are not talking;—and whether it be mere worldly tittle-tattle or insipid sentimentalism in which they indulge, they are equally impatient of listening, and are equally anxious to engross. But soliloquising is not conversation. In women, too, an attempt at display is always disagreeable, and even brilliancy will not atone for it. It is thought bad enough for her to write octavos,—what must be thought of her if she speak folios?

The charm of conversation is feeling; forgetting oneself, and sympathizing with others. It is not to shine but to please, that a woman should desire, and she will do so only when she is graceful and unaffected,—when her wish is not so much to be admired as to contribute to the gratification of others.

And, for this purpose, she must bring into society heart and mind. The one will teach her how to feel for those around her, the other how to adapt herself to them; and both will greatly contribute to her agreeableness. The insipidity of some women is attributable more to want of interest than of capacity. It is not because they have nothing to say that they say nothing, nor

because they are deficient that they are trifling. They sometimes do not trouble themselves to be agreeable. They think that if they look pretty, and are inoffensive, they fulfil their part; and they glide through life like tame animals, and are almost as indolent and selfish: it is well if, when they cease to be ornamental, they do not become as troublesome.

A young woman should always do her utmost to please, and an expression of interest is often sufficient. To be a good listener, and to reply with ease, good sense, and good breeding, are the most requisite qualities for an agreeable companion; but the sealed lips, the vacant stare, and the abrupt transition, are equally rude and disappointing.

This indifference is inexcusable in those whose talent for conversation might be easily improved. English women are proverbially silent: yet there is no reason why they should be so; nor why, because they are exemplary at home, they should be insipid in society. Is it their boast that their education is superior? it is then more to their discredit when it fails in what is surely an important result. And if men are too apt to retire to themselves,—if *they* talk of politics and the chase, while dress and tittle-tattle are discussed on the sofa,—may not their exclusiveness be, in great measure, attributable to the bad grace with which they are too frequently received? Might not the *gaucherie* of the one, and the insipidity

of the other circle, be often much relieved by a little more sympathy between them?

Again, to be agreeable, a woman must avoid egotism. It is no matter how superior she is, she will never be liked, if she talks chiefly of herself. The impression of her own importance can convey no pleasure to others: on the contrary, as a desire for distinction is always mutual, a sense of inferiority must be depressing.

If we would converse pleasingly, we must endeavour to set others at ease; and it is not by flattery that we can succeed in doing so, but by a courteous and kind address, which delicately avoids all needless irritation, and endeavours to infuse that good-humour of which it is itself the result.

In women this is a Christian duty. How often should they suppress their own claims rather than interfere with those of others! How often should they employ their talent in developing that of their associates, and not for its own display! How invariably should they discard pretension, and shun even the appearance of conceit; and seek to imbibe the spirit of that lovely religion, of which sympathy is the characteristic feature, and humility the pre-eminent grace!

It is in this way that accomplishment contributes to the agreeableness of woman. The encouragement and cultivation of art seems, indeed, appropriate to her. Yet, perhaps, there is nothing in which she oftener errs. In this, as in other

things, affectation spoils all. There is a theatrical manner about some women, which, to say the least of it, is an outrage upon taste. The gestures of the stage can never be appropriate to a private circle, nor are they becoming a modest female. She may copy the skill, but surely nothing else that belongs to the public performer.

There are other mistakes into which women may fall in reference to accomplishment. Some of them seem to imagine that it compensates for the want of all other attraction; and as it is their only charm, they are restless until it is displayed, and dissatisfied unless it excites admiration. Their happiness, or at least their affability, seems to depend on the success of their bravura, or the admiration excited by their tinting. Yet a mere display of skill contributes little to the agreeableness of society. However fond we may be of music and drawing, we should scarcely select a companion from her proficiency in playing a concerto, or her skill in laying on colours.

Women who are eager to exhibit are often careless of pleasing in a domestic circle: their talent must be kept as a gem for special occasions; and, if these are wanting, it is almost as useless. It is to attract notice; and when the great end of notice is attained, it may be laid aside. It is to captivate; and when the prize is secured, the fascination ceases.

But it is not to add another toil to the meshes of intrigue, nor to furnish coquetry with another

means of allurements, that the talent of women is to be cultivated. Accomplishment is, indeed, a graceful and appropriate ornament; but it should be worn with ease, and should be rather the indication of an elegant mind than an extrinsic decoration. It should render a woman more agreeable both at *home* and in society, and should furnish her with some of those innocent and graceful refreshments which vary and relieve graver occupations.

It is seldom, indeed, that women are great proficient. The *chefs-d'œuvre* of the sculptress need the polish of the master chisel; and the female pencil has never yet limned the immortal forms of beauty. The mind of woman is, perhaps, incapable of the originality and strength requisite for the sublime. Even Saint Cecilia exists only in an elegant legend; and the poetry of music, if often felt and expressed, has seldom been conceived by a female adept. But the practical talents of women are far from contemptible; and they may be both the encouragers and imitators of genius. They should not grasp at too much, nor be content with superficial attainment; they should not merely daub a few flowers, or hammer out a few tunes, or trifle away their time in inert efforts, which at best claim only indulgence; but they should do well what they attempt, and do it without affectation or display.

Nothing is so likely to conciliate the affection of the other sex as a feeling that woman looks to

them for support and guidance. In proportion as men are themselves superior they are accessible to this appeal. On the contrary, they never feel interested in one who seems disposed rather to offer, than to ask assistance. There is, indeed, something unfeminine in independence. It is contrary to nature, and therefore it offends. We do not like to see a woman affecting tremors, but still less do we like to see her acting the amazon. A really sensible woman feels her dependence. She does what she can, but she is conscious of inferiority, and therefore grateful for support. She knows she is the weaker vessel, and that it is as such that she should receive honour; and in this view, her weakness is an attraction, not a blemish.

The appropriate expression of dependence is gentleness. However endowed with superior talents a woman may be, without gentleness she cannot be agreeable. Gentleness ought to be the characteristic of the sex; and there is nothing that can compensate for the want of this feminine attraction.

Gentleness is, indeed, the talisman of woman. To interest the feelings is to her much easier than to convince the judgment; and the heart is far more accessible to her influence than the head. She never gains so much as by concession, and is never so likely to succeed as when she seems to yield.

Gentleness prepossesses at first sight: it in-

sinuates itself into the vantage ground, and gains the best position by surprise. While a display of skill and strength calls forth a counter array, gentleness at once disarms opposition, and wins the day before it is contested.

And if gentleness contributes so much to the fascination of woman, elegance is no less attractive. A woman should be elegant, not only in manner but in mind. Manner is, indeed, generally symptomatic; but, as it may be artificial, it is no sure criterion of mental grace. It is the latter which is essential to true beauty. Without it, the fairest form disappoints and wearies. It is the radiance that sets off every other charm, and sheds on each its appropriate hue. It is tint and proportion. Yet it is more easily understood than defined, and better felt than expressed.

Taste is the true source of such elegance. As it teaches symmetry, so does it impart grace. Taste is the rule of elegance. There may be artificial forms; and these may or may not be agreeable to the proportions of taste: but taste gives the only true models, and every departure from them is an error.

Taste is susceptible of improvement, and elegance is the result of a cultivated taste. As in art, the rude handler of the chisel may, in time, become a proficient in sculpture, or the most simple designer a master of the easel; so may the taste which refines the mind, and proportions the character, be equally disciplined and improved.

It is a great mistake to suppose that fashion is a criterion of elegance. The modes of fashion are entirely conventional, and are often as ungraceful as they are capricious. The lady, for instance, who anoints her head with tallow, and encircles her waist with the entrails of a cow, is irresistible in Ethiopia; and though we cannot sympathize with her admirers, we have no right to question their taste. Our own has been, at times, little better. We may smile at the strictures of the Spectator on the patches of his day; but the coiffure of this century has vied with the cushion of the last, and the dimensions of our own petticoats have sometimes seemed to threaten the reinstatement of the hoop.

But it is not in costume only that fashion is grotesque. In manner she is equally capricious. Elegance rests on immutable rules, but the versatility of *fashion* is proverbial. The euphemism of the Elizabethan court was but little more absurd than the mannerism which has as often been as artificially prescribed. Each may be in its turn a test of ton, or a passport to exclusive circles, or a mode as universal as the contour of a robe, and, from its sameness, as wearisome: but it has no intrinsic recommendation, and though it may obtain for a season, it must soon be cast off as an obsolete dress.

But breeding is quite a different thing. It is without affectation, and without constraint. It is unobtrusive and unpretending. It is always self-

possessed and at ease; for it knows its own place and its own relations. Its courtesy is not officious, nor are its attentions ever troublesome. Yet this quiet and lady-like deportment, though it seems to imply no effort, is by no means an easy or common attainment. On the contrary, we often see women who have lived much in society very deficient in this criterion of grace. And we can quite understand the remark of a really high-bred woman on a candidate for fashionable celebrity: "Yes; she is very pretty, and very pleasing, but she wants repose."

Elegance is nature, but not rude nature;—it is unaffected, but not unpolished. It occupies natural grace, and corrects natural defects. Yet it is no servile imitator, for it studies suitability as well as simplicity. It does not, for instance, deem that which is very pretty and playful in a girl of fourteen equally becoming at thirty. Neither does it play the romp, or act the groom, leap a five barred gate; or affect the *Di Vernon*.

Least of all does it indulge in that raillery, which is piquante only because it is personal, and which amuses in proportion as it annoys. It has a respect for the feelings, and a tenderness even for the faults of others; and as it never wounds, so does it never invite aggression.

It implies, too, feeling: and here again does it differ from the polish of the world. Selfishness is the bane of fashionable life. Every one is cold, for every one is selfish. What court could be

more polished than that of Marie Antoinette? Yet selfishness was the predominating principle, and in the hour of trial self-preservation the only aim. The *élite* of Paris paid, however, the greater compliment to sentiment, by assuming its language while they were strangers to its real influence.

Nothing is more persuasive than feeling: it has a natural charm to which art can never attain.

Elegance is poetry in action. Imagination may paint the heroine deficient in beauty, but never in elegance. It is this which diffuses, as it were, a halo round woman; which invests her with a romantic charm; and which more, perhaps, than any other attraction, renders her an object of interest. Yet is this grace not affected but natural, grace which tinges every thought, breathes in every expression, and regulates every movement,—which adorns the heart as much as the drawing-room, and which is habitual because it is innate.

To be careless of elegance proves little anxiety to please, or little acquaintance with the susceptibilities of the heart. Man is very accessible to the graceful and the beautiful; and, however engrossed by higher pursuits, he seeks in the society of woman relaxation and refreshment. He wishes to find her the enlivener and sweetener of his leisure, as well as the sharer of his cares. And a sensible woman would be desirous that her address should furnish a recommendation,

rather than a contrast, to her moral or mental worth.

Religion, far from disparaging elegance, gives new motives for its cultivation. The religious woman should endeavour to increase her influence that she may turn it to the best account: and, in this view, she will not consider what is ornamental as unworthy of her regard. She will cultivate it as a means of persuasion, and will study to be agreeable, were it only from a desire to recommend her principles.

Christianity is itself full of grace. It is a refiner as well as a purifier of the heart: it imparts correctness of perception, delicacy of sentiment, and all those nicer shades of thought and feeling which constitutes elegance of mind. Why, then, should piety and inelegance be associated? Or why should an absence of the graceful characterise religious persons so often, that awkwardness and even vulgarity are regarded by many as the usual concomitants of extraordinary seriousness?

Women of piety should not give occasion to such a reproach. They are not more devout because they are ungraceful, nor more heavenly minded because they are deficient in taste. On the contrary, they imbibe more deeply the spirit of their lovely religion, when they carry its charm into the detail of life, when they are fascinating as well as faithful, and agreeable as well as good.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

COLERIDGE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May DOMESTIC PEACE be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottage vale she dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless HONOUR's meeker mien,
LOVE, the sire of pleasing fears,
SORROW smiling through her tears,
And, conscious of the past employ,
MEMORY, bosom-spring of joy.

QUIENING.

FROM "SKETCHES, SCENES, AND
NARRATIVES."

THIS national lament (now half obsolete) is, in general, protracted, boisterously loud, and renewed from interval to interval: but, in the present instance, was chastened and subdued to a most heart-touching expression of melancholy. Rude as the custom may seem, it is one of great

antiquity; and the figurative language the peasantry sometimes use, in raising this wail, is truly astonishing. It is even said that the late John Philpot Curran first became fired with the ambition of eloquence, from some wild address he heard to the dead in his boyhood.

The following account of the custom, and specimen of an extempore effusion uttered by a professional Quiener, although taken from the notes to a work of fiction, are perfectly correct; and may be acceptable to the British reader, in a day when Ireland excites so much interest.

“The custom is evidently derived from the East, and was the constant practice of the Greeks, who (it may be conjectured) borrowed it from the Hebrews, (whose custom it was,) as may be proved by reference to the Old Testament, where it is recorded of David having raised a lamentation for Abner, 2 Samuel iii. 33, 34.

“The authority of the prophet Jeremiah also confirms this practice, who gives his lamentations over Jerusalem, in imitation of those accustomed to be delivered over the dead by their friends.

“THE LAMENT OF MORIAN SHEHONE OVER
MISS MARY BOURKE.

(Literally translated from the original Irish.)

“SILENCE prevails; it is an awful silence. The voice of Mary is heard no longer in the valley.

“Yes, thou art gone, O Mary! but Morian Shehone will raise the song of woe, and bewail thy fate.

“Snow-white was thy virtue: the youths gazed on thee with rapture; and old age listened with pleasure to the soft music of thy tongue.

“Thy beauty was brighter than the sun which shone around thee, O Mary! but thy sun is set, and has left the soul of thy friend in darkness.

“Sorrow for thee is dumb, save the wailings of Morian Shehone; and grief has not yet tears to shed for Mary.

“I have cried over the rich man’s grave; but when the stone was laid upon his grave, my grief was at an end: not so with my heart’s darling, the grave cannot hide Mary from the view of Morian Shehone.

“I see her in the four corners of her habitation, which was once gilded by her presence.

“Thou didst not fall off like a withered leaf, which hangs trembling and insecure: no, it was a rude blast which brought thee to the dust, O Mary!

“Hadst thou not friends? Hadst thou not bread to eat, and raiment to put on? Hadst thou not youth and beauty, Mary? Then mightest thou not have been happy?

“But the spoiler came and destroyed my peace: the grim tyrant has taken away my only support in Mary!

“In thy state of probation thou wert kind-

hearted to all, and none envied thee thy good fortune. O! that the lamentations of thy friends—O! that the burning tears of Morian Shehone could bring back from the grave the peerless Mary.

“But, alas! this cannot be: then twice in every year, while the virgins of the valley celebrate the birth and death of Mary, under the wide-spreading elm, let her spirit hover round them, and teach them to emulate her virtues.

“So falls into the depth of silence, the lament of Morian Shehone.”

IMITATION OF PSALM CXXXIX.

HOGG.

DWELLER in heaven, and Ruler below,
Fain would I know thee, but tremble to know;
How can a mortal deem how it can be
That being cannot be, but is present with Thee!
Is it true that Thou sawest me ere I saw the
 morn?—
Is it true that Thou knewest me before I was
 born?—
That nature must live in the light of thine eye?—
This knowledge for me is too great and too
 high!

That fly I to morn, or that fly I to night,
To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light,
The light and the darkness to Thee are the same,
And still in Thy presence of wonder I am?—
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,
Or dwell with the eagle in *clough* of the air;
In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild brink,
From the eye of Omnipotence still must I shrink.

Or mount with the wings of the morning away,
And hide in the uttermost parts of the sea,
In caves of the ocean unseen by the day,
Even there to be living and moving with Thee?
Nay,—scale I the cloud, in the heaven to dwell,
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell,
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still Thou art present, and still art the
same?

Yes, present for ever—Almighty alone!
Great Spirit of Nature—unbounded—unknown!
What mind can embody Thy presence divine?
—I know not my own being, how can I know
Thine?

Then humbled and low in the dust let me bend,
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend;
The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,
And an Universe still be rejoicing in Thee!

HYMNS.

BY R. L.

No. 1.

BENEATH my heavenly Father's care,
I journey on life's tangled path;
He shews the danger, points the snare,
And shields me from the tyrant's wrath.

In calm retreats he strews my bed,
Where safe my weary limbs may lie;
And draws his curtain round my head,
Till all the winds of death go by.

A tranquil joy, a sacred peace,
My Father's gracious hand bestows,
Beyond the brightest dreams of bliss
The earthly spirit ever knows.

In virtue's ways what holy love
Invite the sinner's feet to go!
What gracious beckonings from above,
What wondrous providence below!

Ah! when deceitful pleasures charm,
And lead my wandering steps astray,
What tender mercy guides the arm
That smites me on my evil way.

But brighter yet that mercy beams,
And dazzles all the host of heaven;

He guides me to redeeming streams,
Where I may wash, and be forgiven.

The theme demands a nobler string,
Yours, angels, yours the task must be!
O tell me, teach me how you sing
Of all my Father's love to me.

No. 2.

I KNOW my Father's always near,
To help me in the evil day;
I know I have my Father's ear,
Attending always while I pray.

I know it is by His command
That mourning here on earth I stray,
And 'twas my tender Father's hand
That sent me on life's thorny way.

I know that in the gloomy hour,
When weepings mortal eyes bedim,
My Father bids me humbly pour
My soul un murmuring out to Him.

But Oh! when sorrow clouds my sky,
And faint and weary I may be,
Forgive me, if I sometimes sigh,
To pass away, and be with Thee.

It is not that thy chastenings move
My sinful spirit to repine,

But then more ardently I love,
My God! that holy rest of thine.

Since (taught by thee) my soul began
To sigh for homes of endless peace,
How have I scorned the homes of man,
And wished life's troubled day would cease!

O speed, ye years, your rapid flight!
Go swiftly on your course away!
I'll see you fade with that delight
The hireling marks the fading day!

No. 3.

"I never knew you; depart from me."

THE earthly spirit, stained with crimes,
By sin and shame alternate riven,
Will soar above the world sometimes,
With an imploring look to Heaven.
Thus, when I turned my sorrowing eye,
Redeemer of the world, to Thee,
My murmuring conscience made reply,
"Thou never knewest me."

When all the world's gay flowerets die,
And pleasure sickens into pain,
Then the worn spirit courts the sky,
To win the smile of God again.
But not on me that smile would beam,—
I felt, O Lord, thy stern decree;

Its voice disturbed my nightly dream,—
“Thou never knewest me!”

There is an hour when all rejoice,
An hour when even sorrow smiles;
An hour when Pleasure's sprightly voice
The listening mourner's care beguiles:
Yet not to me Time's ceaseless wing
Could bring that hour from sadness free,
Each as it passed would darkly sing,
“Thou never knewest me!”

Ah, when that moment comes at last,
When every earthly hope goes by,
When all the works of life are past,
And all is finished, but to die;
When quivering on the brink of fate,
The trembling spirit turns to thee,
Will those all gracious lips repeat,
“Thou never knewest me?”

O no! though long estranged from Thee,
Though long detained by Satan's power,
Thy arms were open still to me,
Who came at the eleventh hour.
For me thy gracious lips prepare,
Before assembled worlds to tell,
“Behold a sheep for whom I care,
My child, I know him well.”

THE NEGRO FRIEND.

J. A. W.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—*John xv. 13.*

"In one of his voyages to the West Indies, he had contracted an acquaintance with a black man of the name of Quamina, whom he kindly taught to read. On some occasion he was dispatched to the shore with the boat's crew, of which Quamina was one. On its return to the ship, the boat was upset in the surf, and the sailors were soon swept by the billows from the keel, to which, in the first confusion, they had all adhered. In this extremity, Rushton swam towards a small water-cask, which he saw floating at a distance. Quamina had gained this point of safety before him; and when the generous negro saw that his friend was too much exhausted to reach the cask, he pushed it towards him—bade him good bye—and sank to rise no more. This anecdote Mr. Rushton has often related,—and never without dropping a grateful tear to the memory of Quamina."—(*Memoir prefixed to the Poems of the late Edward Rushton, of Liverpool.*)

"PULL, pull the oar!—The winds arise:—
Each sinew let us strain!
A watery grave before us lies,
Unless our bark we gain!
Quick, furl the sail, and strike the mast,
Bale out the brine with speed—
The tempest round us gathers fast—
Heaven help us in our need!"

'Tis vain! 'tis vain! the pilot's skill,
The rowers' strength, now fail; .
And higher swell the billows still,
And louder blows the gale.
To shun the wave the steersman's art
At length is vainly tried;
The hapless crew, with beating heart,
Are cast upon the tide.

Awhile the keel precarious aid
Affords each anxious hand; .
But, one by one, benumbed, dismayed,
Drop off the fainting band:
And now, alone, one sable son
Of Afric seems to brave
(While fast and fierce the surges run)
With hope each crested wave.

What groan is heard? Yon white man see,
—The humble negro's friend,
Is faintly struggling on the lee,
And sinking to his end.
“Haste—haste, and seize this floating cask,—
Quamina well can swim:
Quamina will of Heaven but ask
His friend to save for him!”

He spake;—and, as he spake, resigned
That aid so hardly won—
Struggled awhile with wave and wind,
But soon his course was run:—

He sank—the ooze of ocean's bed
 Became Quamina's bier;
 But oft for him one white man shed
 Remembering pity's tear.

Yes:—oft within his British home,
 The white man told the tale,
 How drifting 'mid the ocean's foam,
 And sinking 'neath the gale,
 That negro friend resigned his life,
 To snatch him from the grave;
 And perished in the waters' strife,
 A negro's friend to save.

* * A similar, and still more affecting act of African devotedness, is recorded in Roberts's *Life of Hannah More*.

CHRIST THE TRUEST FRIEND.

(From a Collection of Psalms and Hymns, published by Messrs. Seeley and Co.—Twenty-third Edition.)

"Scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.—But God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—*Rom. v. 7, 8.*

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh,—

O, shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe

To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he could not flee;
What love his latest words displayed,
"Meet, and remember me!"

Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

INTERVAL OF GRATEFUL SHADE.

DODDRIDGE.

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my hoary head!
Welcome slumber to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!
My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose:
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.
Heavenly Father! gracious Name!
Night and day his love the same:
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot.

Thou, my ever bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good :
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep :
Blest vicissitude to me !
Day and night I'm still with Thee.

What though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me ?
Sleepless will I go to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.
While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light ;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way ;
While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever constant pole ;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise ;
'Mid the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love, and ceaseless praise :
Through the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear ;
From on high he doth impart
Secret comfort to my heart.
He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers ;
And his Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews ;

Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love.
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake with Thee.

What if Death my sleep invade?
Should I be of Death afraid?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.
Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have,
In the realms beyond the grave.
See the guardian angels nigh,
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates displayed!
See the crown to grace my head!
See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell.
With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest.
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee.

**BEFORE READING THE HOLY
SCRIPTURES.****WESLEY.**

SON of God! to Thee I look;
Teach me this mysterious book;
Take my weakness by the hand,
Make my dulness understand.
With thy grace anoint my eyes,
Make me to salvation wise;
Wisdom from above impart,
Give me the believing heart.

STANZAS,

To the memory of an interesting and amiable young relative, whose mortal career was suddenly closed at the early age of sixteen.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE LINE, AUTHOR OF
"VISIONS OF SOLITUDE, A POEM, &C."

It is not when the earthquake rends
Temple and palace, hall and tower;
It is not when the whirlwind bends
The forest with unsparing power;
Nor yet when pestilence, with breath
Of vengeance, walketh to and fro,

That most we hear thy voice, O Death!
Proclaim of guilty man the woe:—
Oft thy still voice more loud may seem,
When thou dost chase some airy dream.

'Tis sad,—most sad, the wreck to view
Of hall, and palace,—fortress,—fane;
To see the wrathful tempest strew
The forest round—its strength in vain;
Or walk the city's silent ways,
When baleful vapours load the air,
And mark each brow, on which we gaze,
Sealed with the signet of despair:
Yet then—e'en then—may Terror's chill
Freeze the heart's fount,—deep, dark, and still.

But eyes that oft without a tear
Have looked upon the battle-field,
Perchance o'er perished Beauty's bier
The tribute-drop of grief may yield.
And bosoms that have calmly heaved
Amid the shipwreck's stormy hour,
May feel the pang of heart bereaved,
In chamber lone, or silent bower,
Where dwelt young genius, now no more
A dweller on Life's rugged shore.

And well may I, though crowding years
Have left their traces on my brow;
And many a joy that bright appears
To youth, has flitted past me now;

Well may I mourn another string,
A silken cord of being riven;
And well again the death-strain sing,
As, down Time's troubled waters driven,
I see another star-beam fade,
Which life more lightsome once had made.

Oh! what avails it? She was young,
And gay, and graceful as the fawn,
That ere the early lark has sung
Bounds joyous o'er the dewy lawn:
Nor borrowed charms nor studied art
Were hers,—yet well the way she knew
Of access to each kindred heart;
And closely, and more closely drew
The friends around her, who, in vain,
May seek to find her like again.

Genius she had: and solemn themes
Familiar to her mind were grown,
Mingling amid Life's beauteous dreams,
Ere the cold blast of Care had blown:
Bright was her eye, and firm her tread,—
Upon her cheek the flush of health;
Nor hers of pallid want the dread,
Nor hers the sordid pride of wealth:
Humble, though cherished,—blithe, yet mild,
She bloomed,—a grey-haired father's child.

But he has wept above her tomb:
I've seen its heavy portals close:

And withered now is all her bloom;
And cold she lies in Death's repose.
No more those accents shall I hear,
Once tuneful echoes of the lyre;
Nor she the social circle cheer,
And lightly touch the trembling wire,
That bade the mansion of her birth
Ring with the notes of maiden mirth.

Yet lingers hope: and though the grave
Press heavy on her gentle breast,
Through Him who mighty is to save,
We trace the spirit to its rest:
And, exiles still below the skies,
By faith we hail the hasting time,
When from the yawning earth shall rise
The buried dead, to soar sublime,—
And triumph in the realms above,
Raised by Messiah's wondrous love.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

JUDKIN.

’Tis hard, when we are sick and poor,
And they who loved us are no more—
When riches, friends, and health are gone,
To say, “O Lord! Thy will be done.”

"Tis hard, when they in death are laid
O'er whom we watched, and wept, and prayed.
The wife—the parent—sister—son—
To say, "O Lord! Thy will be done."

"Tis hard, when, in our soul's distress,
And all around is wilderness,
And herb and quickening stream are none,
To say, "O Lord! Thy will be done."

And yet, how light such sorrows be
To His, in dark Gethsemane—
Who drank the cup with stifled groan,
And said, "O Lord! Thy will be done."

LUCY.

WORDSWORTH.

SHE dwelt in the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were few to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hid from human eye,
Clear as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But now she's in her grave, and Oh!
The difference to me.

ELLEN.

LYTE.

SHE sleeps beneath her native earth,
Close to the spot that gave her birth.
Her young feet trod the flowers that bloom—
Meet emblems—on her early tomb:
Her living voice was wont to cheer
The echoes which our sorrows hear.

She rests beneath her native earth;
And few remain to speak her worth.
Her little sojourn here was spent
In unobtrusive banishment:
A flower upon the desert thrown,
That breathed and lived to God alone.

Yet long her gentle ways shall dwell
In hearts that knew and loved her well;
And oft they lift their tearful eyes,
To hear her calling from the skies;
And ill could they her absence bear,
But that they hope to join her there.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

ANON.

WHY should I tell how pure, how bright,
My Sister! was thy early bloom,
If memory did not oft invite
To weave poor chaplets round thy tomb?
We were but two, the rest were gone,
And our young hearts so close were twisted
As if, deserted and alone,
We only on this orb existed.

Like two young plants in joy we grew,
The glory of a widowed mother;
We lived and loved, and always knew .
Each thought, each feeling of the other.
If e'er I smiled; her gentle eye
Was seen at once with joy to brighten;
If e'er I grieved, a sister's sigh
Begged half the load, my grief to lighten.

They found her; on her wan white arm
Gently reclined her drooping head:
With cheek so bright, with brow so calm,
It could not be; she was not dead!
They raised her; she had fallen asleep!
She, to whom all our love was given,
Had left us here alone to weep;
Had fallen asleep, to wake in heaven.

And so they closed that clear blue eye,
Which seemed to smile on friends around her;
As if, while mounting to the sky,
Her God e'en now with joy had crowned her.
And then they took the unconscious dead;
They brought it o'er the briny wave;
And I a weeping child was led
To sorrow o'er my sister's grave.

But now long years have flitted by;
Now, kneeling at my sister's tomb,
I think of immortality:
Her spirit feels no blight or gloom:
I think of her, the pure, the bright;
I seem to see her stand before me;
And better thoughts and softer light,
E'en as I kneel, come stealing o'er me!

TRANSLATION OF AN EVENING HYMN OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.

THE loved hour of repose is striking; let us come to the sunset tree: let us lie down in the pleasant shade. Ah! how sweet is rest after labour! How I pity those who lie all day long on the couch of down, and are fatigued with doing nothing: they know not the sweetness of rest like ours! Sweet is this hour of repose, and sweet is the repose of the Sabbath-day; but

sweeter will be the repose of that long Sabbath when we shall all rest from our labours in the presence of our heavenly Father. There will be no sun to burn us, there will be no toil—no pain—no poverty—no sorrow—no sin—but sweet and long will be our rest in *Heaven*.

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.

ANON.

TRAVERSE the world, go fly from pole to pole,
Go, far as winds can blow, or waters roll;
All, all is vanity beneath the sun,—
To certain death, through different paths we run;
Ambition's votaries, groan beneath its weight,
The splendid riches of the toils of state.
Lo! in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow;
Love's softest pleasures terminate in woe:
Even Learning ends her vast career in doubt,
And puzzling on makes nothing clearly out.
Where then is sovereign bliss? where doth it grow?
Know, mortal! happiness ne'er dwelt below.
Look towards heaven, to heaven thy only care;
Spurn the vile earth, go seek thy treasure there:
A virtuous course, and heaven alone, you'll find
Can fill a boundless and immortal mind.

DE COURCY'S BRIDE.

ANON.

I STOOD by the towers of Ardenveile,
And the bells rang forth a jocund peal;
Loudly and merrily rang they then
O'er field, and valley, and sylvan glen;
And each cheek looked bright as the blush of
morn,
And each heart was glad—for an heiress was born.

I stood by those time-worn towers again,—
And prancing forth came a gallant train;
And there was the priest in his robes of white,
And there was a lady youthful and bright,
And a gallant knight rode by her side,—
And the sounds of joy echoed far and wide,—
For the heiress was Rudolph de Courcy's bride.

And again by those portals proud did I stand,
And again came forth a gallant band;
And I saw that same priest, but sad was his pace;
And I saw that same knight, but he shrouded his
face;
And I saw not the maiden in beauty's bloom,—
But a pall, and a bier, and a sable plume,—
For the heiress was borne to her forefathers' tomb.

And such is human life at best,
A mother's, a lover's, the green earth's breast,—

L L

A wreath that is formed of flowerets three,
Primrose, and myrtle, and rosemary,—
A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave,—
A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave,—
The cradle, the bridal-bed, and the grave.

WONDERS AND MURMURS.

HALL.

STRANGE, that the Wind should be left so free,
To play with a flower, or tear a tree;
To range or ramble where'er it will,
And as it lists, to be fierce or still;
Above and around, to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and sky in strife;
Gently to whisper with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend, ere night;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless, to-day,
What to-morrow it reckless rends away!

Strange, that the Sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
While they cheer the soul, and gladden the eye!
At morn, its child is the pride of spring,—
At night, a shrivelled and loathsome thing!
To-day, there is hope and life in its breath,
To-morrow, it sinks to a useless death!

Strange does it seem, that the Sun should joy
To give life alone that it may destroy!

Strange, that the Ocean should come and go,
With its daily and nightly ebb and flow,—
To bear on its placid breast at morn
The bark that, ere night, will be tempest torn;
Or cherish it all the way it must roam,
To leave it a wreck, within sight of home;
To smile, as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to his cottage door,
And gently ripple along the strand,
To watch the widow behold him land.

But stranger than all, that Man should die
When his plans are formed, and his hopes are
high:

He walks forth a lord of the earth to-day,—
And to-morrow beholds him a part of its clay!
He is born in sorrow, and cradled in pain,
And from youth to age—it is labour in vain;
And all that seventy years can shew,
Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.

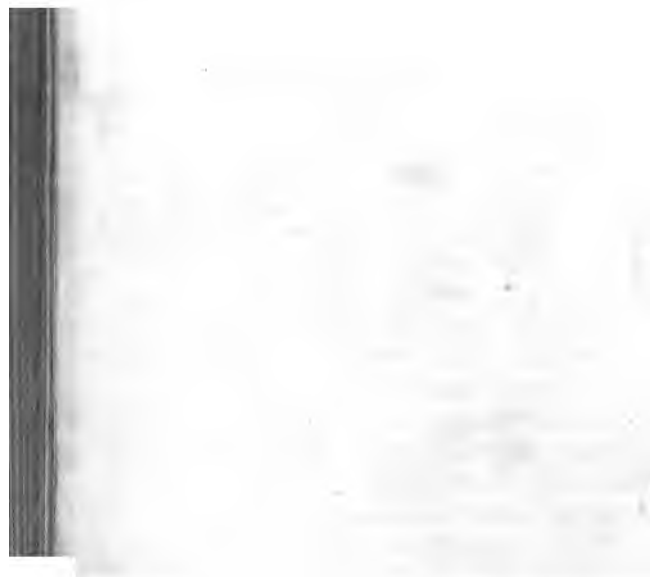
Alas! if we murmur at things like these,
That reflection tells us are wise decrees;
That the Wind is not ever a gentle breath,—
That the Sun is often the bearer of death,—
That the Ocean wave is not always still,—
And that life is chequered with good and ill:—

260 A BROTHER'S GIFT TO A SISTER.

If we know 'tis well such change should be,
What do we learn from things we see?—
That an erring and sinning child of dust
Should not Wonder nor Murmur, but hope and
trust!

THE END.





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